



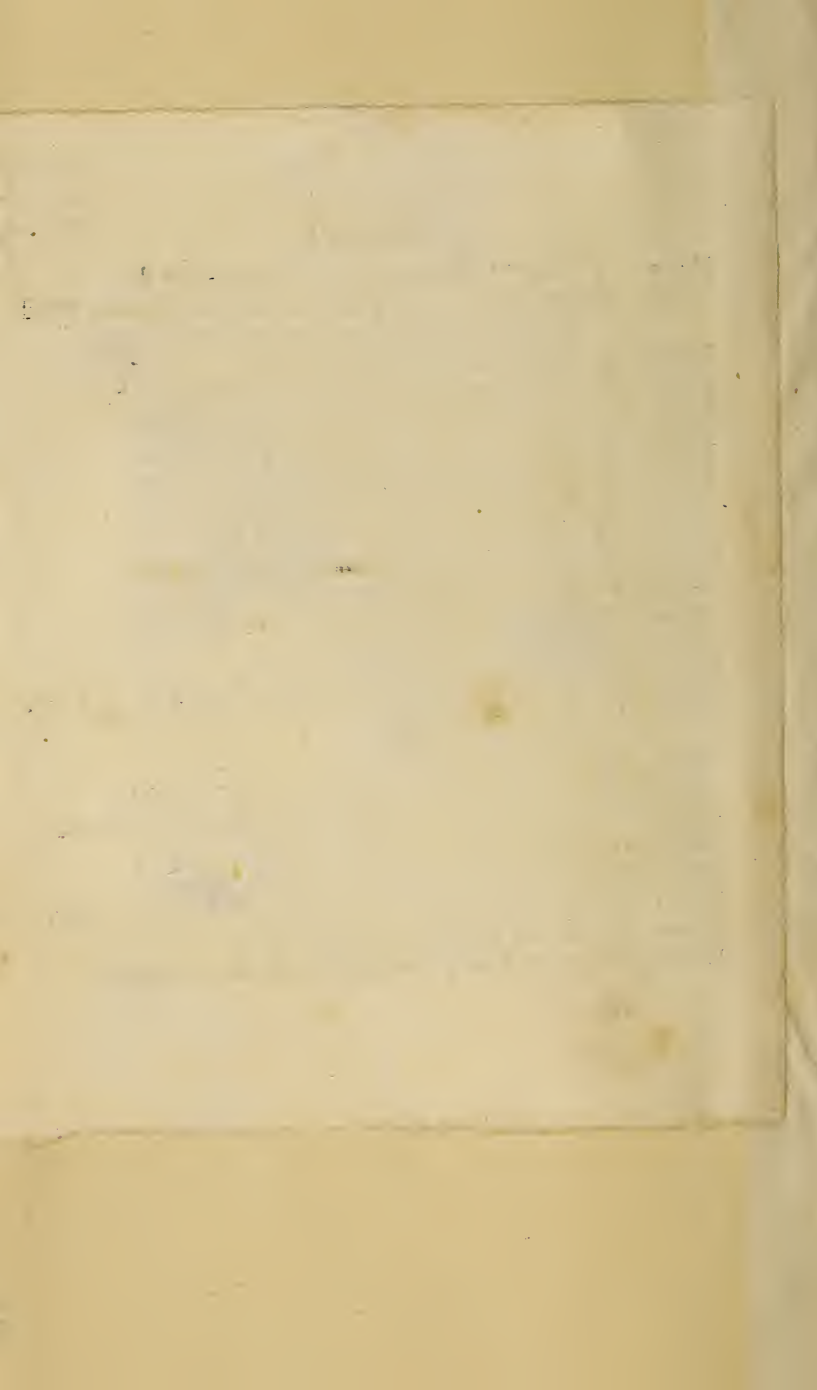
Class BJ1571

Book S725

DOBELL COLLECTION

ERRATA.

Page	2	line 20 the word, of, to be omitted.
Ditto	19	do. 5 for added to his sorrow of woe, read to his weight of sorrow and woe.
Ditto	20	line 2 for ever, read were.
Ditto	25	do. 19 omission of the word through.
Ditto	28	verse 3 line 4 for thine, read mine.
Ditto	29	verse 1 for betaken, read betoken.
Ditto	29	do. 3 for sent, read lurk.
Ditto	33	line 4 for where, read when.
Ditto	38	sonnet line 8 for ere, read e'en.
Ditto	51	line 10 for solitude, read solicitude.
Ditto	51	line 14 for lendage, read bondage.
Ditto	72	do. 1 for those, read thou.
Ditto	72	do. 9 for kin, read ken.
Ditto	76	do. 1 for court, read course.
Ditto	76	do. 14 omission of the word, lot; and for there, read their.
Ditto	89	line 9 for or, read on.
Ditto	155	do. 2 in poetry for light, read bright.
Ditto	158	bottom line for afflictions. read affections.
Ditto	160	line 5 the word. that, to be omitted.
Ditto	160	do. 12 for serves, read only serves.
Ditto	174	do. 5 in stanzas omission of the word, my.
Ditto	197	do. 15 for then, read thou.
Ditto	213	verse 3 line 1 omission of the word, it.



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THE
SORROWS
OF
HERBERT,
OR
THE CHANGES OF LIFE.
AND
FRIENDSHIP'S
CONSOLATION
IN
DISTRESS.

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FROSTENDEN.

Printed for the author, by W. Harper,
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PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the eye of private Friendship, I shall positively assert that my views and motives are entirely different, and varied from those of a public author, therefore I hope to rest secure from every mark of criticism, which a public production is liable to. Guided by the maxims of truth, I hope to ensure the favour and protection of its advocates : resting securely in the society of a pure and exalted circle of Friends, I hope to enjoy calmly the sweets that flow from its source.

I beg leave to assure my Friends that disinterested views alone, give rise to the presentation of the following pages. In drawing the line of equity, I have not laboured to present superfluity or fineness of language : the former I consider can never with propriety be added in the delineation of truths, the latter I perceive to be a great obstruction to the openness and candour of a disinterested and humble mind.

If I have not studied to present superfluity of language in the following pages, why should I attempt it here ? I shall altogether decline it, and proceed to give information of the character which grace

this volume. My readers may rest assured, that the subject is founded upon a fact, and to many of my Friends, it may in all probability, be more immediately known, and to those, it will prove more interesting.

As a delineator of the records of Truth, every circumstance which leads to its inexhaustable fountain will dawn upon the view of honour and virtue.

It is my intention to insert each principal event that occurred in the life and character of Herbert : and shall as far as reason and prudence extend, vindicate his wrongs, and endeavour to alleviate his sorrows. I cannot but in justice admit that the sorrows and distresses of man, are too often of their own procuring, and generally arise from the most trivial causes : but I can confidently affirm, that this was not the case of Herbert, I mean to say, that they were not altogether of his own seeking or invention, and I hope my readers will agree with me, in this opinion when they shall have passed through this volume.

A SKETCH
OF THE
Life of Herbert.

The pursuit of happiness, is the aim of Man, it is a passion which reigns predominant in the human breast, and for the enjoyment of it, individuals of every description, are anxiously concerned.

To say in what happiness consists, or how it is to be possessed, is an invidious task ; because men of different tastes, dispositions, and capacities, not only view the subject in different lights, but adopt opposite means to obtain it. There can I may venture to affirm, be no censure cast upon him, who doth assert, that whatever has a natural tendency to irradiate

the mind, to regulate the affections, and to meliorate the conduct, must be a sure guide to happiness.

Great is the wisdom, and great the goodness of that supreme power, who has provided sources of pleasure, exactly suited to the different natures of man. But it is the indelible opprobrium of our species, that those enjoyments, which are merely sensual, and of which, in subserviency to higher ends, we might lawfully partake, engross too frequently the whole of our attention ; while those of a refined and exquisite nature, and in which felicity might be more reasonably expected, are entirely neglected or forgotten. This is the effect of a vitiated taste which has precipitated thousands into inextricable difficulties, and into which it had nearly hurried my young Friend, of whom I am now about to picture.

Herbert was the Son of a respectable family in S——k, whose situation in life, though not of the highest class ; yet they possessed every comfort and convenience, that can make life dear or desirable. Blest continually with the favours of Heaven, they beheld with a pleasing serenity, a long succession of happy days, and on Herbert they depended for comfort and consolation in their latter years, when the pleasures of the world, would by age and infirmity, be rendered less sweet and attractive. As soon as reason began to expand itself in the mind of Herbert, they with reluctance parted from him, in order that he might attain that useful knowledge, which is requisite to a promising genius ; he was accordingly placed at a distinguished academy, of one of the principal towns in the County, where he gave ample proof of possessing a great share of high and dignified abilities, for he made

such rapid progress in all the branches of literature, as rendered him the pattern of all who aspired to excellence.

The parents of Herbert, looked forward with anxious hopes, of his one day becoming a bright ornament in society, and an honour to the station he was about to fill ; they could not long defer the happiness they so fully expected to anticipate, when the world should first witness the dawning of his fine and exalted genius, which they beheld with enraptured delight. Having passed through the various stages of polite and useful literature, he was removed from the confinement of study, to the circles of gaiety and pleasure where he received many flattering tokens of praise and admiration. Nor was the marked attention paid him in all companies ungratefully received ; for who can be deaf to the voice of praise ?

or unwilling to believe that it may be heard without vanity, and received as a just tribute to excellence, which, if hidden to ourselves and the vulgar, others possessed of keen discernment, refined taste, and impartial judgement, have not only discovered, but kindly endeavoured to appreciate ?

We now behold my young Friend, partaking and enjoying, the scenes of delight, which naturally springs, in the circles of gaiety, and few were the resorts of pleasure at which he was not the rival of his sex. He was surrounded by men of wisdom and understanding : and he received from every hand those tokens of respect, a moderate share of which, would have transported the hearts of thousands.

Surely from the situation of Herbert, we might have justly concluded ; that on

him, felicity must have fixed her residence ; we might have thought that he could only have known the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys, and that his life must always have moved either to the slow or sprightly melody of the lyre of gladness, and that he could never but have arose to pleasure, or retired to peace.

Such might have been our conclusion of the life of Herbert. But experience will soon shew how easily the scene is shifted, and how very apt, disgust is to possess the hearts of those, who have been made nice by plenty and indulgence. We shall soon see to how many dangers power is exposed, which has no other guard than youth, and how easily that tranquility is molested which can only be soothed with the songs of flattery. It is impossible to supply wants as fast as an idle

imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniences by which gaiety, refined into impatience, may be offended. None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves ; nor any so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

In the midst of exuberant delight, of pleasures and of praise, Herbert found that solid happiness was absent. The hour of solitude could not be endured without painful emotions ; Something seemed to be wanting which the world, with all its fascinations and complaisance, had not yet conferred. New expedients were therefore daily invented to regain his wonted vivacity. But alas ! the felicity of which he was in pursuit of, still eluded his eager grasp. Every day witnessed new scenes of vexation and disappointment. The wakeful hours of night were

spent in tracing the causes of miscarriage; in contriving inventions by which to preclude a recurrence of the same, or similar impediments, and in devising schemes to ensure felicity on the morrow. Inauspicious was the morning in which the breast of Herbert was not transported with the recollection of some new engagement to renew those scenes of delight which had captivated his heart.

Alas! those fancied scenes of peace and joy were no more to be found, the return of night, but renewed disgust. Every amusement was insipid; the charms of novelty were forgotten; emptiness and vanity were stamped on every enjoyment; for in whatever amusement he appeared to enter with seeming vivacity, conscience would be heard. "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God"; was reiterated in every place, and in accents so distinct, that the meaning could not be

mistaken. Fruitless were all attempts to shun the admonitory intelligence, or to blunt the pain frequently occasioned.

Reflection produced remorse ; the pleasures of the world, satiety and aversion ; the retrospect of life, the keenest anguish, and the prospects of futurity, the horrors of despair.

Varied opinion may surmise that the views of Herbert were enthusiastic or imaginary. But reflection will soon discover, that there is no ground for the conclusion. What is the life of the vain and the giddy ? Is it not a scene of folly and dissipation ? The affairs of another world and the moral state of the human heart, are considerations which seldom obstruct their pursuits or disturb their quiet. I ask, and appeal to the experience and the consciences of those whom providence has elevated to opulence and splendour, whe-

ther from the moment of introduction into public life, the time allotted by heaven for acts of beneficence and piety, is not generally spent in conformity to the fashions of the day ; in ceremonious visits paid and received, frequently without pleasure, or the smallest degree of pure and disinterested Friendship ?

But is this train of life worthy of an immortal mind ? Is this a life on which a rational being can seriously reflect, without the terror of dismay ? yet this is the life of thousands, a life in which are to be found no traces of that purity and perfection, once connatural in man ; no evidence of compunction for the violation of divine precepts, nor yet of thankfulness for the means by which guilt is expiated, and the trembling offender rescued from perdition. Nay, there are those who care for none of those things ; who,

“though their sins be as scarlet,” cavil at the means by which they might be made as white as snow, and though their iniquities have been multiplied without number, revile the hand which alone can blot them from the register of Heaven.

While picturing this sad character which man too often assumes, I cannot but congratulate my readers on the reverse of my young friend's character.

From various causes it appears that Herbert gave himself up to sensual pleasures and heedlessly pursued the path of destruction from whence, he never thought of returning ; for in the vigour of youth surrounded by all that can flatter hope or stimulate to action, he entered the avenues of sublunary pleasure in quest of happiness ; but it was not to be found in the regions of terrestrial delight. All the sources of felicity were explored in vain

emptiness was stamped on every enjoyment. My young friend soon discovered that his expectations were fallacious ; that many of his pursuits were not only trifling, but criminal. A conviction of guilt filled his heart with tumult ; terrifying apprehensions agitated his soul ; he beheld with astonishment the precipice on which he stood, the imminent danger with which he was surrounded—that there was but a step between him and everlasting ruin : trembling on this precipice he first uttered that inexpressibly important question—“What can I do to be saved” ? In answer to this enquiry (as a consoling friend) I have addressed myself to him from facts given in the sacred writings.

Hard is the heart of that man who can view the distresses of his fellow creatures without casting an eye of pity, or shed-

ing the beams of consolation : I hope there are but few but what can look with commiseration on the sorrows of a wounded spirit ; I trust, there are none but who are ready to stretch forth the hand of Compassion, to the tortured breast. Acts of compassion are recorded in the sacred volume, as highly becoming the duty and character of a Christian.

Nothing can be more offensive to the Supreme Being, than obduracy and hardness of heart : Nothing is more pleasing in his sight, than tenderness and sympathy : he that feels for the distress of his brother, shall also obtain commiseration of his God. Since sympathy is commended by him, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and understands the thoughts of man long before they are made, it must be also productive of good, in this present state of trouble and trial. In my

opinion, of all the passions which occupy the mind of man, there is no one more grateful in itself, or more useful to mankind than Sympathy.

The distress, which naturally arises from the evils of life, ought to attract and excite commiseration. To the tender and feeling heart, the sufferings of others are witnessed with emotions of the most painful nature, emotions, which it cannot suppress or diminish, and instead of shunning the scene of woe, it takes pleasure in approaching it. The ear is open to the cry of calamity, the tale of distress is heard with melting tenderness, and is anxious to alleviate if it cannot remove the cause of inquietude. To sympathy it belongs to govern and combine all the endearments of social life, it is the sure and steady bond of society ; we feel ourselves interested in the general good it

diffuses : we feel more pleasure in communicating, than in receiving the means of happiness ; and, in contemplating its benign influence, perceive both the propriety and the excellence of the divine sentiment,—” It is more blessed to give than to receive.”

But though such be the general tendency of this benevolent affection, yet there are objects of wretchedness, on which the world has no compassion to bestow. Men whose consciences are burthened with guilt, and harrassed with painful apprehensions respecting futurity, seldom meet with sympathetic tenderness.

But how are we to account for the dereliction of human nature in this case ? Is not the anguish arising from a consciousness of moral turpitude equally pungent with that which the loss of terrestrial comforts may incidentally occasion ?

Surely the cause of sorrow in the former, as far exceeds the latter, as the perpetual favour of Heaven transcends the momentary calamities of life ! “The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity but a wounded spirit who can bear” ?

It may be said in answer to this enquiry, that pain of conscience has relation to guilt, and is the effect of sin operating against a known rule prescribed for the regulation of moral conduct. In order therefore to sympathise with the contrite sufferer, we must entertain the same ideas respecting the equity of God’s government, the detestable nature of sin, and the justice of that punishment connected with it.

But too frequently is it the case of the men of this world, that in viewing things in a different light, they lose themselves in darkness, and will not listen

to the voice of sympathy, their hearts are lost to every gleam of pity and soothing tenderness, their consciences are not under the authority of God, no beauty can they behold in the divine precepts, nor do they really believe that the commission of moral evil will be attended with those dreadful consequences which the scriptures constantly affirm. It is therefore impossible in the very nature of the case, that men of these ideas should feel for a soul tortured with guilt; the distress endured will be considered rather as imaginary than real, or at least as the effect of superstitious credulity, and as deserving railery more than commiseration, or severe rebuke rather than serious and gentle expostulation.

That men generally and frequently act on this principle in giving advice to

persons under religious impressions, need no proof. What more common than to hear the disconsolate mourner exhorted to shun the haunts of solitude, to rouse from the torpor of dejection, to look for tranquility and pleasure in the circles of gaiety, where every eye sparkles with joy : where the ear is charmed with sprightly sallies of wit, where novelty gives perpetual delight, and the mind released from the gloom of reflection, is restored to freedom and to happiness.

As from the source of serious meditation, sacred reason springs, and shine in meridian splendour in the virtuous and pious mind : so on the other hand, will the above method of rousing the dejected soul prove to be, but a prelude, to an eternal weight of sorrow and misery, and add ten fold horror, to the prospects of futurity. The throbs of

guilt are not to be lulled by the sound of the tabret and the pipe, the harp or the viol ; the deluded patient who shall try the experiment will find, that he has not expelled, but added to his sorrow of woe.

I cannot but agree in the opinion of all the sacred writers ; that sin was not in any measure instituted in the laws of Heaven : In the beginning of this vast creation, the Almighty founder, formed Man out of the dust, pure and unspotted, he made him after his own image, only difference in nature reigned between them. He formed the work and saw that it was good. He made man erect, and blest him with inexpressible gifts of his goodness, he crowned him lord over a vast multitude of living creatures, all which bowed obsequious to his will ; he had nothing to rule or domineer over him ; every thing that was

pleasant to his taste, delightful to his eye ever granted him, by his supreme Lord, and in short the bowers of innocence and ease were his appointed abode.

Surely thus stationed in the midst of those delightful scenes, Man might have rested contented, and made himself a stranger to sorrow and woe. Nothing but the debt of gratitude, and just obedience, to pay his Almighty Lord ; and yet could not perform this trivial request ; Oh vain, worthless, and ungrateful Man, what is it that hardened thy heart ? Why couldst thou not learn pious submission, and cheerful obedience, why not accept the tree of life, and in meekness tread the path allotted thee ?

To give full scope to this important subject, would closely fill a large and extensive volume. I must therefore abruptly finish the delineation in order.

to pursue the subject of these pages.

I need not state to my readers the imperfection, which since the fate of our first parents, have possessed mankind. The annals of history afford us only one instance of purity and perfection since the loss of paradise, this single instance my readers are no doubt well acquainted with, this consideration denies my stating here its contents.

By our first Parents' transgression, was forfeited the happiness of Heaven ; by the atonement of our blessed Redeemer, and on conditional terms, we may all arrive at the mansion of eternal Glory. This state of trial is only momentary in comparison with Eternity.

Sin intrudes upon us in various forms, in one particular form it intruded upon Herbert, he drank deep of the cup of woe.

I cannot but in justice, admit that the sorrows and distresses of Man, are generally, entirely of his own seeking, and frequently arise from the most trivial causes. But in truth I may confidently affirm, that the sorrows of Herbert were not altogether of his own invention, in order to confirm this assertion I shall add the following instances which have occurred in his life.

It appears, since his retreat from folly and dissipation, from the scenes of sensual delights, and unprofitable pleasures, that sorrows and distresses incompassed him continually; he found it as difficult to retreat from mournful scenes, as it was to regain his wonted vivacity in hours of past gaiety and jollity; the means which he sought to remove sorrow and despair, were various.

After wading through many struggles

and difficulties, he sought for peace and serenity in the bosom of retirement and solitude, the thought of fleeing from the unpleasing scenes of his unhappiness, in seeking a partner for life, in resting on the honor of female virtue and affection, he thought of being in some degree restored to tranquility. With those thoughts in view, he seriously entered the bowers of love; offered his hand and heart to Leonora, the daughter of a respectable family in the neighbourhood; he found acceptance; promises were made on both sides, to be true and faithful to each other in the varied changes of human affairs. Content with the plighted affection of his Leonora, he passed a short succession of tranquil days, in which he hoped to enjoy, through the remaining stages of life, the sweets of retirement; for many were the scenes which led him to justly suppose, that

sorrow had taken her flight, and made room for the abode of pleasure and comfort.

While Herbert was thus, as he imagined, enjoying the long continued sweets of calm repose, sorrow with redoubled force burst upon his head, and left him a prey to utter despair. It may be truly asserted, that our sorrows are never so great, but what they may be subjected to an increase; for alas ! this was the case of my unfortunate friend, for no sooner then its reappearance dawned upon the devoted head of Herbert, than the plighted love of his Leonora, vanished and sunk into nothing, the bright rays of affection vanished from his sight, and plunged him into the regions of horror and distraction.

Does not this sketch alone, shew the instability of human affairs, and the inconstancy of the world ? This question,

may in truth and justice be answered in the affirmative.

Many were the vows and promises of Herbert to his Leonora, his protection and honour were offered her, and would for ever have been offered her, would she but have proved faithful to her plighted vows; would she but have deigned to share with him the joys and ills of life, he would have been her faithful partner in prosperity, and her constant supporter in adversity; he requested nothing from her, but what was fully in her power to give, viz the enjoyment which arises from the source of a pure and never changing affection: but Alas! she failed in her truth, and left her faithful Herbert, to wade alone the tide of sorrow and misery.

During the period of their attachment, vows of honor were often exchanged;

when in retirement they would call on Heaven to witness the source of their affection, and pray to its Eternal King, that nothing but Death might separate them ; such was the strength of conjugal affection reigning between them.

When in the course of a pleasing conversation they would often interrupt each other, and innocently strive to perplex each other, in order to excite a trial of their love ; and often did Herbert retire from his Leonora, with unfeigned heart-felt sorrow, and in the haunts of solitude meditate on the spring which gave rise to his troubled mind.

His fine exalted genius often employed itself in musing on his beloved Leonora, and his faithful muse would often address her on the important subject of life and death, of happiness and misery.

The following lines which make a part of his writings presented to me, be-

speak the anguish of mind he often endured.

HERBERT TO LEONORA.



Ah ! sunk in despair are the hopes I once cherish'd,
 No longer my bosom they cheer with their ray;
 With the object that rais'd them, alas they all perish,
 And sadly the moments now wander away.

Where is fled the fair prospect whose lovely illusion,
 My mind once pervaded with extacy's thrill,
 That joy which admitted not sorrow's intrusion ?
 Ah ! past days of bliss I must mourn for ye still.

Gone, gone is the time when with Leonora I wan-
[der'd

wf Our arms fondly circled adown the deep glade,
By the side of the streamlet which softly meander'd,
Whilst love smil'd secure 'mid the groves' friend-
[ly shade.

Yes fled, and for ever those joys without measure,
But remembrance will silently doat on them still;
And the mind oft reverts to scenes of past pleasure,
Though the heart with regret the remembrance
[must fill.

Blest friend of my love, thou whose tender caresses,
Once soothed every care my fond bosom knew,
Bitter grief for thy loss my fond heart still oppresses,
And thine are the tears that now silently flow.

Oh ! oft in the regions of fashion and splendour,
Where reason is lost in gay luxury's round ;
The allurements of pleasure how glad I'd surrender,
And flee from the circles where follies abound.

For still 'neath the smile which might seem to be
[taken,

A bosom serene and a stranger to care ;

Sent the torments of hell in a heart that is broken,

And the smiling alas ! is the smile of despair.

How oft in the visions of midnight's dark hour,

When the deep shade of silence the world overcast ;

Thy form has seem'd rais'd by some magical pow'r,

And thy sighs met mine ear 'mid the moan of the
[blast.

Yet 'midst my bosom's fell sorrow and sadness,

One consolation remains to me still,

One sparkling of joy, one sweet ray of gladness ;

One dawning of hope which despair cannot chill.

Tis the thought that ere long in death's welcome em-
[braces,

My spirit may once more encounter thine own ;

When rapture eternal shall banish care's traces,

And our souls now disjoin'd be united as one.

In order to direct the views of Herbert to their proper source, it is requisite to illustrate the purport of the above lines. Their natural tendency expresses the most unfeigned sorrow of heart and the greatest discomposure of mind. What more likely to create sorrow and dejection, than the deception of the world, and the failure of a long subsisted friendship? The heart that experiences those two maladies, may justly exclaim in its anguish— O! world what is it thou hast done unto me? Why hast thou betrayed me, and led me into the vale of misery?

When beset with the calamities of life, there is no better way in surmounting them, than by arming ourselves with christian fortitude and pious resignation to the will of Heaven.

Many instances have occurred in the common course of human affairs, where

oppression has made the wisest man mad?

What will it do then, to a tender and feeling heart, which feels itself neglected,— too full of reverence for the author of its wrongs to complain?— see, it sets down in silence, robbed by discouragements, of all its natural powers to please,—born to see others loaded with caresses, in some sequestered corner, it nourishes its uneasiness,— and with a weight upon its spirits, which its little stock of fortitude is not able to withstand,— it droops and pines away.

Thus, was it with this child of sorrow, which I am now addressing, his fortitude was shaken, with the incessant flow of sorrow. O Herbert! where is that prophetic spirit which adorned thy heart,— where is it fled that it could not aid thee to look a little forward and view the vanity of that world, on which thou placedst so much confidence? I shall

now proceed to present my readers with the writings of Herbert, and without casting any particular reflections upon them, shall leave my readers to form their judgement upon them, but at the same time, I cannot forbear to caution them against misconstruing them. It will be found in many of the subjects, which compose his writings, that he became a real lover of solitude, and often retired from the scene of worldly business, to partake of its sweets.

The pleasures of Retirement.



Sweet is the soft and silent hour,
 That steals with every soothing pow'r,
 Across the throbbing breast ;
 Where heavy hours of mental toil,
 Have long suppress'd the pleasing smile,
 That speaks the heart at rest.

And such an hour is this to me ;
 From worldly bustle once more free,
 And every noisy care ;
 I woo again the muse's aid ;
 Oh ! let me now, too timid maid,
 Thy kindest influence share.

My mind at peace, that heav'n of rest :

My head reclin'd on beauty's breast

Leonora's breast so bright :

My heart awake to friendship's joys ;

Oh ! world I envy not thy noise,

But taste of pure delight.

Love is the poet's purest theme,

For love with sweet beguiling dream,

Can smooth rough anger's brow :

But friendship's bright unsullied name

As much the poet's aid must claim,

As love's divinest vow.

Be their blest names in union found,

Long as the world performs its round,

Amidst the orbs of light :

Love ! be thy power to lighten care ;

Friendship ! be thine to sooth despair,

And brighten woe's dark night.

Oh ! best united friends of life !
 When from this world's unwearied strife,
 'Tis in my power to flee
 May all your sweetly soothing pow'rs
 That brighter makes man's brightest hours,
 Be then bestow'd on me.

Lines on the old Year,

1816.

The year is past, but whither fled ?
 E'en to the regions of the dead.
 How like a midnight dream 'tis gone,
 Only in memory's record known !
 Each day on day, like rippling wave,
 That doth upon the former heave,
 In quick succession always passing,
 Always here, yet never lasting :

Like the unsullied snow from heav'n,
 Each day to mortal man is giv'n
 Without impression on its face,
 But what his own right hand shall trace.
 Unlike the snow of winter's morn,
 That with the frosty air is gone,
 Man's works remain, his crimes shall last,
 E'en when the hour of life is past;
 Shall rise in judgement in an after day,
 When time and death alike have pass'd away.
 The year is past — how short the span,
 How fatal to the joys of man!
 The brightest moments of his way,
 Like sun-beams on a stormy day.
 Serve but to darken, darkest hours,
 And aid afflictions' gloomy pow'rs
 As death, ere tender flowers he crush,
 Calls on the cheek a hectic flush,
 And decks his victim with a blush,
 What a frail bark is man, to sail
 Before life's ever varying gale!
 Now, by his stormy passions toss'd
 Now, by misfortune's tempests' cross'd;
 He's buffeted on every side,
 By every turn of fortune's tide :

The grave, the port he makes at last,
 When all his toils and cares are past ;
 There all his troubles calmly cease—
 His bark in safety rides at peace.
 Alas ! how many in this space
 Have found their home — their resting place —
 How many tears have vainly fell,
 O'er the dear forms they lov'd too well :
 And many a myrtle wreath lies wither'd,
 Before its lovely fruit was gather'd :
 And willow boughs are lowly weeping,
 O'er the tomb where beauty's sleeping :
 While faded flower's are waving there,
 That once bloom'd sweetly in her hair :
 And on her urn a gem doth shine —
 A diamond from affection's mine,
 So sweet, so tender, and so dear —
 Death's greatest prize, a falling tear.
 How many orphans' pray'rs have ris'n,
 Upon the breathing winds to heav'n,
 How many a parent's lowly moan,
 Have passing breezes onward borne !
 Is there no lamp — no feeble ray —
 To light us on this dreary way ?
 Oh yes ! there is a lamp, a beacon found
 That beams above, below, around :

That robs the grave of all its gloom,
 And makes a palace of the tomb :
 Religion is the glorious light
 That deepest darkness puts to flight :
 And, pointing to the skies its rays,
 Shews brighter worlds and ceaseless days.
 Where halcyon hours shall ever reign,
 Nor pain, nor grief be known again : —
 Then shall man own, and fear his God,
 And bowing, kiss his chastening rod.

Sonnet.

Great God ! thy judgements all are good and wise,
 Thou wouldst that man in happiness shouldst live,
 But my vast sin for vengeance loudly cries
 And justice, Lord, forbids thee to forgive.
 Innumerable are my crimes, nor leave to thee
 Ought but the choice of various forms of woe,
 Thy laws immutable my death decree,
 And ere thy mercy says it must be so.
 'Tis to thy Glory ; O ! then have thy will,
 Nor heed the tears that trickle from my eyes,
 Now thunder, strike, 'tis time, give ill for ill,

In dying I will say the deed is wise :
 But where shall the avenging thunder fall ?
 The shielding blood of Jesus covers all !

HYMN.

Bright ev'ning beams of living gold,
 The western gates of heav'n unfold,
 Whilst night's imperial star :
 Joins the pure glories of the hour
 That mark bright day's declining pow'r
 And leads the thoughts afar.

Such be the calm of life's last close,
 When I, and all my earthly woes,
 To death's dark night are giv'n :
 Lord ! let the light of my last day,
 Illume my soul with vivid ray,
 And lead it up to heaven.

*SONNET.

Weep not for me nor shed the briny tear, —

Soon the bleak winds will whistle o'er my head,
Where the green mossy turf shall be my bed: —

Nor lady ! sigh, the woes I cannot hear,
Chase from thy cheek sorrow's recording gloom,
Nor dim those eyes so radiantly bright

But ah ! recall their beauteous beaming light,
And on thy lip restore the roses' bloom.

For lady, say, when sunk in sleep profound,

What joys are here that I should wish to rise?
Save that to meet, "when the last trump shall sound"

My Lord and Saviour in the eternal skies !

I, like the leaves, that widely scattered lie, —

Lady, must drop, and like them fade and die !

* Which suggested itself whilst wandering in a Country Church-yard, the author's desired haven of rest, where contemplation was heightened by the solemnity of the scene.

To Ambition.

'Tis not thy charms to share,
 O stern ambition ! that I bend ;
 I court thee not, capricious fair,
 Or ask of thee one boon to send ;
 Could'st thou indeed stay pleasures wing,
 And but prolong life's fleeting hour,
 Or to the mind soft comfort bring ;
 Then might I own thy boundless pow'r.

But since I know thy wavering state,
 Thy fancied joys, how vain they be
 What sorrows on thy smiles await,
 Shall I bestow one thought on thee ?
 Haste then, to tinsell'd folly, haste !
 And round her brows thy chaplet twine,
 Whilst I retire--- an humble guest,
 To quaff more grateful sweets than thine.

For let but prudence o'er me sway,
 And bid each sordid hope subside ;
 Let virtue steer me on the way,
 As on contentment's stream I glide.
 I seek no more ! --- for these will give
 Those dear delights I justly prize,
 Through life they'll teach me how to live,
 And every worthless care despise.

On Ambition.



Ambition to excel in virtue, to acquire knowledge, and to do good, must ever be laudable, and seldom fails to be crowned with success : to be great in every excellence that serves to improve, enlarge, and enoble the mind, is desirable ; but when it degenerates to the mere aggrandizement of name, or the

acquiring wealth by unlawful or dishonest means ; when it can trample on all laws, divine and human, destroying the lives and properties of our fellow creatures, who are already enslaved by its cruel fetters —— 'tis then, indeed a monster, armed at all points, and truly detestable.

Wealth procured by rapine or injustice ;—fame purchased by cruelty, dignity bought by dishonorable practices, or a defalcation of principles, are vague and unsubstantial enjoyments : they will neither buy off repentance, nor bribe remorse to be silent ; the means by which they gained their points prevent the effect they promised themselves from the acquirement ; and they lose the blessing, in the recollection of the method by which it was obtained.

The ambitious man, who has dared to sacrifice his integrity to this his ruling

passion, may be assured, that the virtue he has given up, will haunt him with unceasing regret, and that he will find even a bed of down, though decorated with the labours of the silk-worm, as the straw was to those poor victims his ambition sent to languish in the dungeon.

The Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought greater than an honest humble heart ;
 An humble heart his residence ! pronounc'd
 His second seat : and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives.

To confine our wishes, and set bounds to our desires, is the province of true unassuming wisdom ; to give way to them, or let them become our rulers, is to invest them with authority to lead us from

that secure and peaceful path, which alone can guide us to happiness. By so doing, we become the voluntary slaves of our own follies and ambitious desires, and are in a much worse and more perilous situation than the blind beggar, whose only guide, whose only friend, is his poor but faithful dog : he will stop at the first appearance of danger, and prevent his helpless master from running into mischief. Our passions, our ambitious desires, are far more dangerous guides, they will hold out a tempting bait, and we eagerly run into the snare ; in vain does prudence admonish, or conscience by its silent reproaches, endeavour to restrain us, when once we have given the reins, of justice and virtue out of our hands, and placed them in those of our enemies : we are driven furiously along, without either discretion, fear, or judgement. The precipice appears in

view ; but to stop would be cowardly ; we go on rapidly, regardless of consequences, till we are left in the gloomy regions of despair, and unavailing repentance.

Oh ! sweetness of content ! seraphic joy !
 That wanting nothing, nothing can destroy :
 Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the mind ?
 Where but in shades remote from human kind ;
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds meet,
 But seldom comes within the palace gate.

‘Hear the words of prudence, give
 ‘heed unto her counsels, and store them
 ‘in thine heart ; her maxims are univer-
 ‘sal, and all the virtues lean upon her ;
 ‘she is the guide and mistress of human
 ‘life.

‘From the experience of others do
 ‘thou learn wisdom ; and from their

failings correct thine own faults.

‘The fool is not always unfortunate,
 ‘nor the wise man always successful ;
 ‘yet never had a fool a thorough enjoy-
 ‘ment ; never was a wise man wholly un-
 ‘happy.

Oh ! wild Ambition to thy lures we owe
 All the great ills that mortals bear below !
 Mourn’d by the hind when to the spoil he yields,
 His years support, and vainly ripen’d fields :
 Mourn’d by the maid, torn from her lover’s side,
 When left a widow tho’ not yet a bride :
 By mothers mourn’d, when floods of tears they shed,
 And scatter useless roses on the dead.

MEDITATION IN

A

Church-yard.

Here is the last stage of life's itinerary : here she throws off the weight of many years. The infinity of paths she trod in time, here find a termination : the various passions, thoughts and intimations, which drove her bark into dangerous eddies, subside in calm, and leave her in the haven. Here is the collective rendezvous of suffering militants, the kind receiver from the hard-fought field, a safe retreat from the barbed shafts of malice, from pointed perils, and from misery's rod.

The heavy-burthened, sore-afflicted traveller, who long before he had reached this destined gaol, inclining low towards parent earth, surcharged with ills, in languid accents of exhausted nature had begged the fiat of admission, is now emancipated from all his labours.

The eye, long intimate with constant streams, forgets to weep ; the heart once pregnant with convulsive throbs, no longer keeps its agonizing beat, her trial is over, her pulsation is ceased.

Here after contests multiform in kind, enmities implacable, inexorable hates, reigns général amity.

Here is concord's undisturbed emporium ; no murmur breaks the solemn silence, nor echoes heard within the confines of her dark domain. Here after noble, and ignoble views, here, after every ardent, mundane wish, after her every flattering object has been pursued,

here is found aggregate issue of them all. Here posthumous Eloquence cries— Behold the final, temporal ultimatum; remember Man, the transient vision of terrestrial greatness; know the fruition of your hopes obtained, led to the summit, and in plenitude possessed— the loan is momentary, and on the application, momentous is the decision of Heaven's great lender! — Here prostrate in dust lay the degraded relics of soaring mortals; here ambition's restless climax sinks beneath his sod, nor murmurs at indignity; empire, too little for its vast desires, the mundane system subject to its rule, yet inefficient both for magnitude of soul.

What a contrast is here! Humble and low, and mixing with plebian ashes, now the contented occupant of its length in earth. What magic power overrules the silent cemetery! for it is here that we

are reconciled to unanimity the strange extremes in human life. Here blended lie, in peaceful league, nature's sons of warring principles ; here in acquiescence sleep the meanly-saving and riotous profuse, through life at variance ; yet Death, the arbitrator Death, qualifies repugnancy, and leaves them mutual.—

Ah ! what avails the more than needful solitude and care for earth's bright ore, when he whose amassed, and he whose excess wasted and impaired, are now, both bankrupts ! — Here from servile lendage, and oppression's iron hand, is perfect liberation ; here the wretch whom chance had made the slave of fortune's insolents, forgets his galling state, and with his lordly tyrant sleeps equally accommodated. Here, the oppressor and the injured suffering victim, in content moulder ; the ozier bound hillock canopies them both and kind oblivion sheds

her influence over them. Here lie the infracted links of affection's binding chain ; here asunder severed, congenial hearts, once knit by love's soft ties,—sympathy which formed their vital luxury, is chilled in its ardent glow : the breast inhumed, no longer feels the bliss which warmed it late, but leaves the whole sad feast to more than dead survivors.

Here mingling with native earth, are found the ashes of once darling objects ; here the doting mother's future hopes are blasted in the bloom of expectation ; and here the father's manly fortitude owns the conquest over human nature by gushing tears ! Here too, is found reversed, the cause of heart felt sorrow, the urns of kind indulgent parents, watered by flowing streams from filial eyes !—Here within the marble receptacle's dreary gloom, lie the efficient means

of their existence, in them is lost the cordial mentor of their future years, their guide through all the dangerous tracts of life. Here from the tomb the voice of Silence cries—view the drawn estimate of human nature, balance her import with her sure conclusions ; judge of her worth by her versatility ; esteem her as the pilot only of the soul's terrestrial transit,—mere automaton, which moved a few short years : the acting springs lose their power, and mortal passiveness sits sovereign victrix !

Oh ! make her final catastrophe, in time, the lucid eyes to everlasting day, !
 Oh ! make the hour when death shall meet her, the natal period of her eternal joys, cease to behold in him the king of terrors, but the kind harbinger to your destined rest ! = then shall the gloom prevailing over your sepulchral beds change its terrestrial aspect, the

portal shunned shall then become inviting.

Death with a friendly guiding hand,
shall lead you through the momentary
passage, diffuse a cheering brightness
through the dreadful shade. The con-
flict passed, celestial scenes will then
commence of endless bliss, their ever-
lasting round.



The Vanity of Life.

How swiftly pass our years away,

Our joys how swiftly they decay,

Just like a transient flow'r we bloom :

Quickly we run o'er life's short stage,

We fly from infancy to age;

Then rest forgotten in the tomb.

The things of time engross our care,
 The pleasures of the world we share,
 While joyful hope the soul inspires :
 We seek for riches, titles, fame,
 To immortalize an empty name,
 And satisfy our vain desires.

We seldom look beyond the grave,
 Where come the tim'rous and the brave,
 To lay their heavy burthens down :
 Where safe from storms the weary rest,
 Where anguish gnaws no troubled breast,—
 Where all mankind shall find a home.

Religion can alone bestow
 True happiness on man below,
 O ! give admission to the skies ;
 'Tis this can save him when his breath
 Is fled away, and ghastly death
 Has closed with heavy sleep his eyes.

'This can support him in that day,
 When earth and skies shall pass away,
 And be dissolved in liquid fire :
 Safe shall he stand upon a rock
 And with composure hear the shock
 That bids the universe expire.



On Disappointment.

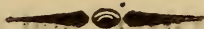
Alas ! how inconstant the pleasures
 That fancy pourtrays to the mind ;
 We grasp at the shadowy treasures,
 And nought but deception we find.

Gay hope like a gentle deceiver,
 Bewitches the world with her smile :
 By flattery lull'd we believe her,
 Nor once think of sorrow or guile.

But ah ! these fair scenes are soon ended,
Disorder'd and clouded by care :
Our joys with our troubles soon blended,
And nothing remains but despair.

Where, where, is felicity's dwelling?
Can I find the blest mansion below ?
From my bosom with grief sadly swelling,
A voice gently whispers, — ah no !

Misfortune our prospects oft blasting,
For bliss we must look up to heav'n,
There joys will be found everlasting,
There rest to the wearied is giv'n



On Worldly Enjoyments.

Every thing passes away ; every thing in this world is fugitive. We are carried away by the rapid whirlwind of time ; and the moment which sees us enter on the stage, is but a few instants distant from that in which we make our exit, to appear no more.

During this short space, we are perpetually in motion, we are agitated by vain pleasures, vain hopes, vain disquiets, and vain apprehensions ; ambition, love, avarice, envy, pride, voluptuousness, idleness. What more ? innumerable passions tyrannize over, and prey upon our minds ; disgust, indisposition, the various maladies from which even youth is not exempt, and which are inseparable from

an advanced age ; cause us to pass in succession through all the several degrees of pain. Death comes at last, to restore to earth the possession of that part of us which it had only lent us ; scarcely has it re-entered on its property, when those with whom we have had the closest connexions entirely forget us.

After this, what are we to think of our life ? Does it deserve that attachment which we shew to it ? Consider what I have said, and then decide.

On Youth.

“ Man is born to trouble ”

It is the opinion of almost every one, that youth is the time in which we enjoy the greatest share of happiness ; but if we take a clear and unprejudiced view of this period, supposed to be so free from care and trouble, we shall find that even in this first stage of innocence and apparent pleasure, the heart is not free from disturbances which poison happiness. To prove the truth of this opinion needs but a small compass of argument. First, let us consider the motives which induce us to think this the most happy part of our lives.

Men when advanced in life, are fre-

quently immersed in business, worn with cares and disappointed by the failure of their plans ; they are anxious in searching for gain, a prey to fears and doubts, and disturbed by the importance of their concerns ; they behold their children sporting around them, and enjoying apparent happiness, unclouded by care ; they reflect upon the time when they themselves were as happy ; when their griefs were momentary ; when they were fed and clothed without the exertion of their faculties, and when the extent of their wishes was a top, a ball, or an apple.

The state of youth more advanced appears also to be made up of joys and pleasures ; but if any one will take the trouble to recollect his own feelings, when he was a young man of fifteen or sixteen years of age, he will remember that he was far from being contented.

Let those who place the height of earth-

ly felicity in the condition of childhood, reflect, that at this period their faculties are not matured : they have no idea of greater gain than the possession of trifles : they have no value for titles or gold : they prefer a toy of the meanest kind to the best landed estates. If then they feel such pleasure in their baubles, to disappoint their desires must be to cast sorrow in their hearts : we all must agree in thinking, that it is often necessary to forbid them their numerous wants. If then children feel the pangs of disappointment every hour of the day, they cannot be completely happy ; if they have no real troubles, their confined, un-ripened faculties every hour produce those which are imaginary. We have doubtless in every age our portion of sorrow ; and it is given to us with an equal hand. I mean not, that we have all an equal potion of misery ; alas ! it is too

clear, that one man's cup overflows, whilst another's contain but a few drops ; but of the four ages of man, all are equally subject to distress : the young man from fifteen to twenty, has troubles unknown to any but himself. To the common observer, he appears surrounded with happiness, rosy health attends his footsteps : he has the intellect and pleasures of a man without his cares he has nothing to do but obey his master, and preserve a virtuous course. Who amongst them, when told by his parents that these are his happiest days, believes them ? No ! he pants for the time when he shall be freed from restraint of learning, and mingle with the world.

Behold him now released from school, and entering upon his career ; he has attained his wishes but is still discontented : he mixes with men, but

finds himself neglected ; he endeavours to account for this want of attention, and finds it is because he has not reached his twenty-first year : he is yet considered a blank in society, and he meets not with that deference to which he thinks his talents and acquirements entitle him.

He now finds himself unhappy for want of a companion : he seeks the company of young men of his own age : — this is the critical period of his life ; there are many chances to one that he meets with young persons devoid of good principles ; his passions are subdued, and in giving way to their unbridled impulse, he is led by his companions into the paths of vice : he is at first delighted with her seducing manners : involves himself in difficulties, but when he wishes to return to virtue, he becomes the prey of remorse, and finds the truth of the subsequent lines.

“ The path to H — is open night and day,
 “ Broad is the descent, and easy is the way :
 “ But to return and view the cheerful skies,
 “ In this the task and mighty labour lies.

This is the probable consequence of treating youth with neglect ; and I think if age would condescend to be the companion of youth, many a young man would be enamoured of their company ; and escape the snares of bad example, and improper society. Even if youth escape this charybdis, he is not so happy as he appears. During his minority, he feels he is a slave ; he has the same passions as his elders, but is restrained from following their bent ; this is undoubtedly necessary ; for the passions of youth if they were not subsided would lead them into utter ruin.

A young man, at the age of seventeen

or eighteen, forms a connexion with a female of his own age ; he believes her to be all his fancy has formed of woman, and feeds his imagination with ideas of future happiness ; he burns for an opportunity of exerting his abilities, that he may be happy with her whom he loves ; he wishes to do something for support, and maintain a spirit of independence ; this is denied him, 'till a certain time has elapsed ; and even if his parents should approve his choice, long has he to endure the tortures of suspense, and a thousand other cares which disturb his breast.



ON

TRANQUILITY.

Tranquility is the wish of all ; the good, while pursuing the track of virtue; the great, while following the star of glory ; and the little, while creeping in the styes of dissipation, sigh for tranquility, and make it the great object which they ultimately hope to obtain. How anxiously does the sailor, on the high and giddy mast, when rolling through tempestuous seas, cast his eyes over the foaming billows, and anticipate the calm security he hopes to enjoy when he reaches the wished-for shore ! Even kings grow weary of their splendid slavery, and nobles sicken under increasing dignities.

All in short, feel less delight in the actual enjoyment of worldly pursuits, how

ever great and honorable they may be,
 than in the idea of their being able to
 relinquish them, and retire to,

“ —————some calm sequestered spot ;

“ *The world forgetting, by the world forgot.*”

Evening.

A FRAGMENT.

Now nature's hush'd — and not a breeze,
 Nor murmur whispers in the trees.
 'Tis stillness all — the golden grain,
 One level seems across the plain,
 The lark has ceas'd his latest song,
 And cow'ring, creeps the grass among,
 While scarce a note attunes the gale,
 Save in the dim discover'd vale
 Lone Philomela breathes her tale,
 To sooth the minstrel's bosom-throes,
 Who greets this hour of calm repose,

}

Where melancholy love to stray,
 " To hear of heaven and learn the way : "
 And virtue of transcendent birth,
 Makes solitude her home on earth !
 From tow'ring elms the cawing rook
 Reflects its shadow in the brook ;
 The grazing sheep together dwell
 In order by the tinkling bell ;
 The hind whose labour now is o'er,
 Hies wearily across the moor ;
 With scythe upon his shoulder laid,
 The joyful tenant of the shade :
 At distance, resting on the style,
 Looks on his cot with tender smile,
 Where prattling infants, all his care,
 Envious wait, the kiss to share :
 And now those fond endearments past,
 The cheerful supper clos'd at last,
 The pious prayer devoutly said
 He sleeps upon his tranquil bed,
 'Till bright Aurora streaks the dawn,
 That wakes him to another morn.

Address to Piety.



Come beauteous maid, offspring of heaven,
 To whom the cross of faith was given,
 With truth to guide mankind ;
 Creation's best and faithful friend,
 To me thy genial influence lend
 And modulate my mind.

Th' unletter'd Indian in his way,
 With idol gods still owns thy sway ;
 Withhold not that from me ;
 But keep my heart in thy controul ;
 With moderation guide my soul,
 From superstition free.

How oft for thee with phrenzied jars,
 Have nations clash'd in sanguine wars,
 And myriads laid in dust !
 And ah ! what martyrs have there been
 For thee — whilst those who slew them, e'en
 Declar'd themselves were just.

Oh ! teach me then to judge aright
 Between the false and real light ,
 That I may henceforth know : —
 And fortify my mind to bear
 The various scenes in life's career,
 Of fortune and of woe.

To Simplicity.

Sweet nymph ! of ever placid mien,
 Who shunn'st the lures of sordid pride,
 Who loves the valley's humble scene,
 Come o'er my votive muse preside :

For those in rustic garb canst please,
 Whilst pomp and pow'r soon will cloy :
 Canst boast more bliss, and lasting ease,
 Than fortune's minions e'er enjoy.

Lead me then to thy happy vale,
 Where no corroding cares molest,
 Where mild content trips o'er the dale
 With dimpled cheeks and modest vest ;
 There far retired from fashion's kin,
 How happy will we pass our life !
 Well will we mark the care of men
 And smile at their discordant strife.

As thought directs, our path we'll chuse,
 What time the morning spreads her wings :
 To cull the flow'r of simple hues,
 Or scent the sweets that zephyrs bring.
 Or if beneath some oak reclin'd
 The lark's aerial thrilling note
 Shall soothe to peace, the musing mind,
 And o'er the raptured senses float.

'Tis thus thou shalt, enchanting maid !

Where'er I stray, morn, noon, or night,
Each pleasure strew'd path pervade,
And e'er create some new delight.

For thou wilt every joy encrease,

And glad each hour that's spent with thee :
Spread o'er each scene thy smiles of peace,
O meek eyed maid ! Simplicity.

ON RURAL LIFE.

Life's but a flower that greets the orient dawn :

To morrow comes, — the fragile flow'r is crush'd !
The leaves that sparkle in the tears of morn,
At noon decay and are the evening dust.

It is only in rural life that a man
can enjoy the treasures of the heart,
himself, his wife, his children, and
friends. The country possesses in every
respect, superior advantages to the

town ; pure air, smiling prospects, pleasant walks, wholesome food, simple manners, and virtuous minds ; the bosom feels the freedom it enjoys, and rests on heaven alone. The miser may be satisfied from the abundant pleasures which the liberal hand of nature is incessantly pouring into his lap ; the warrior may follow the image of war, the chace, the luxurious may cultivate the richest fruits of the earth, and the philosopher may indulge his contemplation in silence and in ease.

Stanzas.

I sigh not for the charms of pow'r,
 Nor glitt'ring stores of wealth
 I sigh for peace in some lone bow'r,
 With competence and health.

I love to wander unconfin'd,
Where noise can never come,
Nor envy's weak and narrow mind,
Disturb my humble home.

Yet think not that by purling stream,
I'll muse my hours away ;
Or waste as in some useless dream,
Life's transitory day.

Oh ! rather let my active soul,
My active hands employ :
And teach my lips where'er I stroll,
To greet the poor with joy.

That so my thoughts may still ascend,
And all-adoring rise,
To him who lives my God, and friend,
My Saviour in the skies.

Sonnet to the Sabbath.

Revolving slow its tranquil court once more,
 The sabbath dawns, blest harbinger of peace :
 Again it bids the lab'ers toil be o'er,
 And gives to wearied industry release :
 What mild benignity salutes the scene,
 Where sits devotion clad in simplest guise !
 'Till gentle evening, placid and serene,
 Faint, and more faint, in varying splendour dies,
 Again from distant spire, ivi'd tower,
 The curfew lingers on the slumb'ring breeze,
 Warning around the holy day's departing hour,
 Closing a reign of innocence and ease,
 Now sleep once more steals o'er each careless breast
 Tho' grandeur spurns there, oh ! it might envy them
their rest.

To Sorrow.

Come I will woo thee, Sorrow ! pale thou art,
 And from thy colorless and sunken eye
 The big tears stream—and thy poor aching heart,
 Doth frequent heave the deep and mournful sigh.

In saddest cadence with the wintry wind,
 That sullen sweeps the dark and leafless vale ;
 Yet I will abide with thee—nor trust me, find
 Thy converse wearisome, nor dull thy tale.
 For oft I mark thine eye uplift to heaven—
 In sweet abstractedness—and then a smile
 Radiant as hope, to thy pale lip is given,
 And thou wilt point, with chastened woe the while
 To that delightful world where tears shall cease,
 And virtue pines no more, and all is peace.

Moonlight Sketch.

The winds of heaven are hush'd—and mild—
 E'en as the breath of slumb'ring child !
 The western breezes' balmy sigh,
 Breaks not the mist-wreaths as they fly,
 Veiling the tall cliff's rugged brow,
 Nor dimples the green waves below.
 Such stillness round—such silence deep—
 That nature seems herself to sleep !
 The full moon mounted in the sky,
 Looks from her cloudless place on high ;

And trembling stars like fairy gleams,
 Twinkle their many colored beams ;
 Spangling the world of waters o'er
 With mimic gems from shore to shore,
 'Till ocean burning on the view,
 Grows like another heaven of blue,
 And its broad bosom as a mirror bright,
 Reflects their lucid path and all the fields of light.



To the setting Sun.

Bright orb of day, as thy declining beam,
 In clouds of glory hasten from my view,
 How do I love to catch the last faint gleam,
 Thy setting splendour round the landscape strew,

All nature sinking to a soft repose,
 In farewell accents greets thy parting ray,
 And the rich tints thy glowing radiance throws,
 Endear the prospect of the close of day.

Oh ! when my setting sun of life draws near
 Its final close, may I like thee decline :
 And the last rays of my existence here,
 Be bright, unclouded, and as pure as thine.

Oh Sun !

Soul of surrounding worlds, in whom best seen,
 Shine out thy maker, may I sing of thee !

THOMPSON.

O thou glorious and stupendous vehicle of light ! the wondrous effect of Almighty wisdom and eternal energy ; whose inexhaustible and magnific fountain of unsullied radiance, has from the earliest traces of time, illumined the azure concave of heaven, and gladdened with undiminished splendour, this terrestrial universe.

When the Deity was borne by millions of mighty cherubims through the

dark and unessential propensity of chaos, it was then, thy resplendent and beautiful orb, first obedient to the will of the divine architect, began its amazing progress through immeasurable wilds of æther.

O sun ! thou art the grand conductor, the faithful parent of seasons ! thy fervid influence accelerates the dew-dropping hours of spring ; at thy renovating touch every particle of nature rekindles into life, the fields resume their cheerful verdure and the thick branching forest stands replete with new foliage, while the plummy nations welcome thy presence with strains of gratitude. It is by thy timely assistance that the liberal hand of summer empties her treasured horn for the benefit of mankind, and unfolds her crouded beauties to the philosophical observer ; by thy congenial warmth the odorous and variegated assemblage of flowers adorn the mossy borders of

meandering streams. Thou ripenest the golding produce of Ceres into maturity ; all the animal creation are indebted to thee for their existence ; and when the declining season of autumn presents its fading foliage to our view, when the trees embrowned by thy spreading lustre, disperse their shrivelled and leafy honours beneath the feet of the traveller, and the playful zephyrs no more expand their silken pinions, to pilfer the sweets of unfolding roses thy fostering power is prominently confessed in the juicy grape, that descends from its twining tendrills, ripened to perfection.

O Sun ! fair and dazzling offspring of night ! let my intellectual faculties be expanded with thoughts of thy maker ; let my knees bend with holy reverence, and my head do homage to the infinite disposer of all things, whose incomprehen-

ble fiat modelled thy shining circle, to comfort me through the valley of life.

Be my soul attuned to devout adoration while my feet pursue the path of moral rectitude ; that when death that insatiate monster, whose appetite is foreign to all restraint, bids me attend the awful tribunal of the most high, the sacred bar of Eternal Majesty, my conscience may be as untarnished as thy glowing circumference, and my exit from this fragile theatre of existence, be amply concordant with thy setting splendour.

Reflections

Written on the first Day of January 1820.

A Year is past ! Time in his rapid but steady flight, has performed another entire revolution round his own axis, and completed one series of his destined course ;

while without resting, he is hurl'd again by the unwearied hand of inevitable fate.

A year is past ! a link is cut off from the frail chain of our short lived existence ; the tide of our revolving year is thus gradually receding from the shore, and flowing back to the source from whence it first ebbed !

It is always useful to reflect on the rapidity of time ; but never more so than at those periods which, as it were limiting his vast career, and bringing to closer observation the great importance of his use, and the awfulness of his desolating power ; to oppose him, mighty seas would in vain swell their threatening waves, and huge mountains present their lofty summits, and ponderous weight ;—the most elegant productions of art, and the most stupendous works of nature are equally subject to his sway, and doomed to fall by his conquering scythe, even man

who carried on the wings of his soaring genius, either boldly explores the farthest regions of the air, or fearlessly plunges into the roaring abyss of the deep, and daringly scans the most profound works of his Creator.=Even man must yield to the influence of all-desolating time : outrageous decrepitude furrows his majestic front, bends with feebleness his erect and commanding form, and sweeps him away in the common mass of earthly destruction

Time is an instructor both awful and sublime : his lessons written on the dust of passing generations, and engraved on the tombs of the dearest objects of our affections, speak a language so eminent in wisdom and truth, they so impress our feelings with great and melancholy thoughts, that we thus look to consoling religion with a tender hope, and pay to immutable virtue a higher reverence.

Associated with the counsels of the Almighty, and charged to execute the decrees of his absolute will, to time it is given to unfold the profound designs of an inscrutable providence in the moral administration of this vast universe : to bring forth from behind the thick veil of future ages, those innumerable and astonishing changes which so eminently mark the checquered course of all human affairs. To Time it belongs to curb and confound the insulting audacity of the wicked, and to exalt and reward the humble submission of the just.

Time is not only a rigid monitor, but also an incorruptible witness : he is not seen, he is not heard ; yet he sees and hears every thing : notices the most minute deeds of good and evil ; and the testimony of his voice thrown into the scale that shall weigh our last destinies, shall make it rise either to the state of immor-

tal blessedness, or sink into an endless, hopeless woe.

Though Time be so precious we seemingly attach but little value to it : hurried away in the bustle of this empty noisy world, we seldom think on the swiftness of its flight, or the uncertainty of its possession, we gaily sail down the rapid torrent, nor do we heed the numerous wrecks scattered up and down. That treasure which providence has graciously bestowed on us to purchase unfading crowns and everlasting kingdoms, we throw away in paltry perishable things ; —we scatter on the barren desert that seed of a glorious immortality, so that we can expect to reap nothing from it but vain regrets, and bitter remorse.

The year that is past opens to that which follows a fruitful field of instruction. So many hopes, which we know to have been broken, —so many deep laid

plans for future aggrandizement and prosperity, which have ended in vexation and not seldom in ruin, must make us less confident in our own powers ; they shew to ambition the vanity of her lofty aims, and to avarice the uncertainty of her sordid speculation.

We have seen death under so many forms, from decayed old age to wanton youth, that health no longer trust to her bloom, nor strength to her activity : but all must tread with fear and caution on that slippery ground from which so many have before us stepped into their Graves. One great benefit we derive from meditating on time past is, that we practically learn to make a better use of the present.

Like the shipwrecked mariner, whom the tempest has cast on an isolated rock we are just emerging from the wrecks of a year ! and find ourselves thrown on the

first day of another ; but it would be inconsistent with reason, were we to indulge ourselves in every kind of intemperate mirth, whilst the surrounding atmosphere is still overcast, whilst the storm still rages, and the angry wave foams and threatens. Let rather the melancholy view of the vanity of human wishes, of the instability of human joys, which every year presents, make our hearts aspire to that blessed state of existence —

“ Where momentary ages are no more ;

“ When time and pain, and chance, and death
[expire ”

Let faith, hope, and sweet charity, lead us by the hand, through the progressive wrecks of days, and months, and years : and we shall behold with calm resignation the end of time, and enter with pious confidence the gates of awful eternity.

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Essay

ON THE NEW YEAR.

“The bell strikes One!—we take no note of time,
But from its loss :—to give it then a tongue, is
Wise in man,—As if an angel spoke, I feel the
Solemn sound !—If heard aright, it is the knell
Of my departed hours !—Where are they ?
With the years beyond the flood.——

How much is to be done ! My hopes and fears start
[up
Alarm'd ; and o'er life's narrow verge look down—
Or what ? A fathomless abyss ! a dread eternity !
How surely mine ! and can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour ?

YOUNG.

Though the sublimity of the author's
appeal to the heart and the understand-

ing must at all times be impressive, it seems to acquire additional force at the commencement of a new year, which like the bell, so figuratively described by the poet, is a signal to remind us of that eternity we are approaching every hour !

Though the vicissitudes of day and night mark the rapidity of time's progress, yet from their undeviating succession they make no impression upon the human heart ; and we waste those precious moments in idleness or frivolity, which bitter repentance is unable to recall ! But when time has accomplished his annual revolution, recollection seems to concentrate our ideas, and the mind imperceptibly takes a retrospective in view of the events which have occurred in the year that is past. Many doubtless, are the mercies we have received from a beneficent Providence ; many likewise may have been the distresses we have

encountered ; (as Lord Lyttleton beautifully expresses it,) are blessings in disguise, sent as admonitions by the great parent of the universe. Such retrospective views will naturally be attended with a conviction, that an Omnicient and Omnipotent power presides over our hemisphere ; and that those events which we attribute to chance, are the ordinations of a great and all-powerful Creator.

Many may have been the friends (or more properly expressing myself,) the acquaintance, whose attenuated thread of life may have broken within the year ; and the most healthy may be summoned to the great tribunal long before the present season shall again appear ! Thus uncertain of the future, how inestimable becomes the present : the past alas ! can never be recalled ; yet the labourer in the vineyard, who toiled only one hour,


received an equal portion of reward !

What an incitement to the practice of piety and virtue, does that beautiful parable hold forth ! It seems impressively to warn the idle and the dissipated, that the day is far spent, and the night approaching fast.

There is a natural propensity within us to store futurity with pleasing images ; hope illusively gilds the perspective views of life : whilst disappointment overclouds the fairest prospects, and leaves the mind a prey to the indulgence of grief : but by fixing our affections on things above ; we shall avoid sorrows of this description : and without displaying apathy of feeling, we shall acquire resignation of mind, and the reflection, that a few fleeting years will terminate the trials we are encountering, will reconcile us to all the miseries of life. To redeem the time which has been mispent,

or at least to waste no more of our precious moments, must be our first study.

Let us then put away evil, and learn to do well ; and let us, in this time of deprivation and calamity, commence our reformation, by a willing contribution towards the relief of the distressed. If much has not been given, much will not be required from us ; but woe to the callous and apathetic, who without commiseration can hear of those privations to which thousands of their fellow creatures are compelled to submit ; and let them dread that denunciation which will be pronounced against them at the great day of judgement.



Reflections
ON
HUMAN LIFE.

What a varied scene does human life present ! Some toiling on through surrounding obstacles, vainly struggle to ascend the slippery mount, where they behold, with anxious and longing eyes, the distant bowers of competence and ease ; some falling headlong from the giddy height where they grasped at wealth and honour, frighten and dismay the passing traveller as he views them prostrate in destruction ; some elate with joy and success, stand upon the lofty pinnacle, and from the towering summit

look with disdain upon the crouds below them. It is one vast scene of bustle, strife and confusion ! The groans of despair, the sighs of disappointment, the songs of hope, the shouts of joy, float upon every breeze. A few years, and it is all over : one by one, the mighty multitude follow each other to the grave, and the generations “chase one another down” like the waves of the sea.

Among the busy, motley group, there is one man to be pitied indeed,—it is he who feels he was not made for the world ! whose noble spirit disdains the groveling drudgeries, and spurns at the little meanesses of life ; whose heart, fraught with exalted sentiments, throbs responsive to every virtue, and sighs for the pleasures of retirement, for the sweet endearments of domestic happiness, for the calm delights of social friendship ;—whose breast alive to every good, every generous and

dignified impulse, glows with a keen relish for the sublime beauties of nature and a love for all that is great and amiable ; — who pants to inhabit the soft shades of tranquil leisure, there to bend with enamoured rapture, over the charms of elegant literature, and in the pursuit of the wisest, best and loveliest objects of the mind, seek the improvement of his soul, and the enjoyment of unsullied pleasures. It is he, who thus feeling, is thrown upon the wide wilderness of the world, among the vicious, the mean, the selfish and the vulgar, to toil through the lingering years of life, in the hurry, the fatigues of business ; who is obliged for common support and common comfort, to mingle in scenes where he wanders with disgust and apathy, and to associate and unite with those whom his heart shuns and despises.

Torn by the cruel hand of unlucky

fortune and imperious necessity, from those enjoyments of congenial pursuits which alone could afford him solace and pleasure, he roams like a friendless stranger in the world, and through the short but tedious span of his existence; wretchedness only is his portion. Though he mixes with the crowded throng who worship interest as their leading star; though his energies may seem exerted, and his daily attention assiduously sacrificed to attainments like their's; he feels no joy in their joy: and his widow'd soul is like the wandering dove of Noah that found no rest to her feet, no shelter to her wing. —Look into his bosom,—

There nature mourns, and round his heart is strew'd,
A frozen waste, a dreary solitude!



The Employment of Time.

Redeeming our time from those dangerous wastes of it, which lead our youth into every disorder and confusion in society, seek to fill it with employment which we may review with satisfaction.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honorable occupations of youth.

The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many virtues. But if it should occur, that our situations in life should not lead us to a regular train of study; the course of a liberal education will always afford a proper employment to a welldisposed mind, whatever we pursue, we ought to be emulous to excel. Generous ambi-

on, and sensibility to praise, are among the marks of virtue.

We ought not to think that any affluence of fortune, or elevation of rank, exempts us from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being, it is the demand of nature, of reason and of God. It highly becomes us to consider, and remember, that the years which now pass over our heads, leave permanent memorials behind them.

From our thoughtless minds this consideration may escape,—but it remains in the remembrance of God. Such considerations form an important part of the register of our lives; they will hereafter bear testimony for or against us at that day, when for all our actions we must give an account to God. Whether our future course is destined to be long or short, it should be our care and study to aim at deeds of virtue, and aspire to use-

ful knowledge ; if we pursue this course, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

VIEWS AND REFLECTIONS

ON THE

LIFE OF HERBERT.

Transient is the ray of hope, that shoots across the gloom of human woe !— in vain do we search for happiness, in this fragile state of existence This world is a region of danger, in which perfect safety is possessed by none. When blest with prosperity, and every earthly good, when our sun shines in unclouded splendour, when we conceive ourselves to be enjoying the sweets of tranquillity, even

then, we all have something to fear, since perfect safety is unattainable, and all sublunary things are made up with uncertainty. Riches often make to themselves wings and fly away. The firmest health may in a moment be shaken ; our peace of mind, may in an instant leave us, and our mortal frame through many unforeseen events may in a short period be brought low into the dust. The appearances of our security are frequently deceitful.

Many are the instances, which daily occur, in the course of human life, which confirms the truth of this assertion.

How often do we see man enjoying one day, every good, which a mortal state can give ? We view this, his (apparently) happy state and wish we could, like him share the same felicity ; to our deceitful eyes, his sky seems settled and serene, we observe not the quarter in which the lit-

the black cloud appears, and foretels the coming storm.

We may remove our fixed attention from this scene of pleasure, and joy, and turn to the reflection of our own situation, and may in all probability, think ourselves destitute of those enjoyments which seem to elevate the heart of him that possesses them, We may return to view the same source of felicity, and it cannot be found ; we may see the same man in person, but it may be, that his state of ease and comfort are vanished ; and that little cloud which before, was unobserved by us, has spread itself, and the tempest has burst upon his head, and left him a prey to horror and despair.

If we wish to ensure permanent happiness, we must not seek the enjoyment of sensual delight : on the other hand we must consider ourselves as beings sent

for the most noble of purposes ; beings destined to exist for ever.

There is not a plainer and more demonstrable truth, than that God designed the happiness of his creatures. He has given us all our senses, as so many inlets to various agreeable pleasures, and provided means to gratify them in every species of enjoyment.

Since then our beneficent Creator has endowed us with powers and capacities of the most exalted nature, and allowed us the use of every enjoyment that is truly rational, let us then seek that which is the foundation of pure, solid and permanent happiness.

The mind of man, is generally, too much concerned about the things of this world, it seldom expand itself further than temporal affairs : which whilst in the prosecution of it, ought to be elevated with thoughts of him, who rules and

governs the universe, since it is through him all things flourish. and are brought to perfection.

Perhaps there never was any one more engaged in the pursuit of earthly pleasure and sensual delight, than Herbert was in the early stages of life ; he sought with the greatest anxiety, the scenes of hilarity and unprofitable pleasure, every thing that presented gaiety and mirth, delighted him : thoughtless of futurity, he pursued that course of life, which he now utterly despises and rejects.

Many are the instances in which we have beheld the highest spirit brought low, and the firmest mind shaken : temptations lie on every side and assume the most pleasing and captivating appearances, there is not a season of life, but what is exposed to their attack : for like a skilful enemy they begin their attack upon us, and though we seem in

our own opinion safely guarded against them ; yet there are times and seasons in which they will enter upon us by surprise, and entice us to err and stray from that path of rectitude which we had hitherto avowed firmly to tread ; they will shake our confidence, and blast our innocence, and open to us a vast scene of destructive snares. The voice of the enchantress Pleasure, calls us with a bewitching eloquence, while the susceptibility of our hearts too powerfully pleads her cause, and so leads us to destruction.

Too early we commit our bark to the invidious waters, and fancy that no storm is nigh ; fondly we imagine that every ruder wind is hushed, and that every boisterous blast shall cease to blow, while we gently glide down the clear smooth stream, and resign ourselves to thoughtless indolence and ease : but no sooner have we quitted the shore, and trusted

ourselves to the faithless element, than the loud tempest begins to howl, and the waves to roll, and we are convinced too late, that what we took for a gentle stream, inclosed by flowery and verdant banks, is now a wide and extensive ocean without a coast, without a harbour.

At length we find that Reason and Prudence, who should have presided at the helm, have been negligently left behind us, and our bark which had been long the sport of contending elements, is after all our fruitless efforts, dashed upon some hidden rock, or swallowed up in the profound abyss.

It was the case with Herbert, and is also the case of many, of setting out with presumptuous confidence in themselves.

Herbert trusted too much to his own abilities, for carrying himself safely through life ; he was careless of applying to God, or of deriving any assistance

from what men are generally apt to reckon the gloomy discipline of religion.

Alas ! how little he knew, or thought of the dangers that awaited him ! pursuing the paths of gaiety and jollity, heedless and regardless of the sacred calls of Religion, he was unable to encounter the trying scenes and calamities of life ; the constant view of temptation dawned upon his heart and overthrew every good and virtuous principle ; the pressure of disaster overwhelmed him and nothing remained but despair.

In the hour of sorrow and despair nothing was left him but shame and remorse ; those friends who courted his company in the hours of pleasure and delight, now shunned him, and left him alone to wade through the sea of misery, the vale of sorrow, and the dungeon of despair.

Every person who has a knowledge of

scriptures, and are acquainted with the characters which fill a part of the sacred volume, need not wonder what course Herbert was left to pursue, he saw only one way of saving himself from eternal destruction. — he soon saw the consequences attending him, when destitute of the favour of God, he justly considered himself to be in no better state than orphans left to wander in a trackless desert, without any shelter to cover them from the gathering storm. In thus viewing himself, he endeavoured to form the most solemn and devout resolutions, which were not formed in vain; he corrected his illfounded arrogance,—he was convinced that his happiness couldnot be established without the all-powerful aid of his Creator. To conclude these reflections, the truth is further illustrated, in affirming that Herbert, by sincere faith and true repentance, sought the

affection of the Redeemer of the world and by fervency of prayer, procured the protection of heaven.

Friendship's

CONSOLATION IN DISTRESS.

HERBERT.

Sorrow and distress like yours, interests the feelings of my heart : the severity of your trial strikes me with redoubled force : it resembles in every respect what I have formerly experienced ; and if the recital of similar distress could excite encouragement, I might relate how others have been exercised in the same circumstances. For among the many methods of consolation to which the miseries inseparable from our present state have

given occasion, one of the first comforts which one Friend administers to another is a like relation of the like infelicity, combined with circumstances of greater bitterness !

But alas ! what can the repetition of distress avail him whose troubles are considered as too personal, and too great to be lessened by comparisons ! What ! must friendship cease to shed its balm into the bursting heart ? No : humanity forbids the thought ; the distress which it cannot remove, it must endeavour to alleviate ; or rather attempt to direct the distressed to that God who is a very present help in time of trouble, and who never said to the seed of Jacob,—seek ye me in vain.

Those depressions of guilt which agitate the mind, are the natural consequences of sin. The soul alarmed by the stings of conscience, now perceives how

detestable it is in the sight of Him who cannot but look upon iniquity but with abhorrence. A sense of deserved wrath generates despair, and leaves the soul without the least prospect of forgiveness.

Permit me Herbert, to remind you of those days in which the commission of sin was never followed by contrition : in which conscience now replete with charges of guilt suffered you to enjoy the pleasures of tranquility, though subject to the same condemnation, which is now the sole ground of inquietude. The remembrance of this tranquility may indeed in various instances, add pungency to grief already past ; you will nevertheless lose nothing by the comparison ; but find on the contrary, that it will lead to the discovery of something adapted to relieve the mind from perplexity and sorrow.

The Almighty, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, gene-

rally brings the soul into a state of true contrition on account of sin, previous to the manifestation of pardoning mercy.

He killeth and maketh alive ; he woundeth that he may heal—he bindeth up the broken in heart—Though he cause grief yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies—weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.

Let me persuade you from imagining that no permanent good can arise from the incident which first led you to contemplate your conduct and your character merely because unimportant in itself and no way connected with the glory of God or the happiness of man ; you may rest assured that such a conclusion lessens the wisdom of the supreme, and implicitly limits the holy One of Israel. The Almighty is never at a loss for means to accomplish his own designs. He can

over-rule, for this purpose those that are apparently the most trivial, or in reality the most atrocious. "His thoughts are not our thoughts ; nor his ways our ways." For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts higher than our thoughts.

I trust Herbert, from the consoling facts I have given, and drawn from the sacred writings, will in every measure remove your doubts and fears I think I may conclude that you now plainly see, that with God nothing is impossible.

Let me then add,—for ever embrace his laws, In patience possess thy soul, and thou shalt not be confounded Remember that however great may have been thy failings : however many and apparently insurmountable the obstacles that stand in the way of future blessedness, thou hast sure and certain evidence,

that thou shalt finally obtain mercy and pardon, through the merits of the Redeemer of mankind.

The infinite power and faithfulness of God stands pledged that nothing shall frustrate thy hopes. Thou mayest in safety say to thy soul in the midst of all the storms, and vicisitudes of its human woe ;

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds !

Letter II.

TO HERBERT.

Have angels sinn'd, and shall not man beware ?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
 Not folded arms and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind ;
 None are supremely good ; through care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain,
 This is the seat of combat, not of rest ;
 Man's is laborious happiness at best.
 On this side death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest not of rest.

YOUNG.

That comfort and consolation has been administered to you from above, affords me unspeakable pleasure, and for which I devoutly join with you in grateful acknowledgments to the Father of mercies.

It is no longer difficult to believe that though weeping may endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning ; nor that chas-

tening, though grievous for the present, nevertheless afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. Alas ! how slow of heart are we to believe what prophets and apostles have said concerning the salvation of God ; and even what he testified of it, who is the true and faithful Witness, and who spoke as never man spoke !

Whether that peace of conscience which you happily experience through faith in the atonement will meet with no interruption, is not in my power to determine. For such is the degeneracy of human nature, and such the base ingratitude of the human heart, that incidents the most trifling sometimes divert attention from the one thing needful, and too frequently betray it into actions which involve guilt, and which of course, de-

prive us of that tranquility which is enjoyed in communion with God. Gratitude is not the characteristic of man.

We are prone to be unmindful of benefits received—to lose sight of our perpetual obligations to divine goodness; and in the hour of torpid indifference, lightly to esteem the Rock of salvation. If therefore, “we forsake his law, and walk not in his judgement; if we break his statutes and keep not his commandments;” it may reasonably be expected that he will “visit our transgressions with the rod, and our iniquity with stripes”—that we should know and see it is an evil thing to forsake the Lord God, in whose favor there is life, and whose loving kindness is better than life.

But supposing there were in the christian’s conduct no deviation from the path of moral rectitude; that in duty the

eye were always single : that the honour of God were kept constantly in view, and that his prospects of interest in divine favour were never clouded ; yet must he expect to meet with many things to try his faith and interrupt his quiet. It is probable that a sinner recently delivered from the powers of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, should not meet with temptations and assaults in consequence of allegiance to his new Sovereign ? Can it be reasonably imagined that a man devoted to sensuality—who sought all happiness in gratifying the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life : who was perhaps uncommonly assiduous to involve all his companions in the same guilt, and was himself always foremost in the paths of death ; is it imaginable I ask, that such a man should relinquish his criminal pursuits, abandon the society

of those whom he had perhaps ruined, or rendered vicious by his example or his counsel, and not meet with contempt, with ridicule, or with slander? His associates in wickedness will not fail to mark the alteration of his conversation and his conduct: but as they have no perception of the principles by which he is actuated they will attribute both to improper motives—to phrasaical pride or sanctimonious ostentation. His deportment will be construed into a tacit reprehension of their sinful practices; and when contrasted with what he himself once was, denominated hypocritical or enthusiastic.

Now if this be the case between man and man, what may not the christian expect from the implacable malignity of Satan? He has lost a subject that was once vigilant and active; his government is renounced. Implicit subjection to his

authority is no longer practicable. He is treated as a vile usurper, and all compliance with his suggestions considered as actual rebellion against God. This indefatigable adversary of man walketh about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, and though he be convinced of never having yet been able to destroy one of the subjects of Christ's kingdom, yet such is the inveteracy of his malice, that he continually labours to subvert their allegiance, to betray them into sin, and ever afterwards to harrass them with guilt.

That afflictions are not in themselves joyous but grievous, will on all hands be readily allowed; but that to man, in the present life, they have a salutary tendency, is a truth which may not perhaps be received with the same implicit credit.

We are told however by one who was no stranger to calamity, that the great Pa-

rent of the universe doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men. In the day of prosperity we are commanded to be joyful, but in the day of adversity to consider. These are hours in which we may reflect on the past, and contemplate the future with advantage : in which we may find leisure to recollect how the mind was imperceptibly drawn from the paths of virtue—to trace the gradual progress of vice—to remember with what compunction the bounds of duty were first broken ; how that compunction was insensibly diminished by a repetition of the same sins, till at length these sins, and perhaps others more atrocious, were frequently committed without remorse and without shame.

Were the mind thus occupied in seasons of distress, we should have some faint discoveries of the malignant nature of

moral evil, as well as of the degree of our own guilt ; and instead of murmuring at the hand by which we were stopped in the career of vice, perceive abundant cause to wonder at the long suffering and forbearance of God ! Each delinquent would have reason to exclaim, “ It is of the Lord’s mercies that I am not consumed—Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great. ” And were these, or similar expressions, the genuine language of the heart, no obtruse reasoning would be needful to prove that the soul is in a situation not less perilous than were the individuals who in the hour of distress, cried to the Saviour of men, “ Lord, save us : we perish ”

But whatever men of the world may think of afflictions, the christian has learned by experience how to estimate worth. He can say with the Psalmist, “ It is good

for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes—before I was afflicted I went astray”. He knows it is needful that he should sometimes be in heaviness through manifold temptations ; that the trial of his faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

“Prosperity, allayed and imperfect as it is, has power to intoxicate the imagination, to fix the mind upon the present scene, to produce confidence and elation and to make him who enjoys tranquility, affluence and honors, forget the hand by which they were bestowed. It is seldom that we are otherwise, than by affliction awakened to a sense of our own imbecility, or taught to know how little all our acquisitions can conduce to safety or to quiet ; and how justly we may as-

cribe to the superintendence of higher power, those blessings which in the wantonness of success we considered as the attainments of our policy or courage.”

Next to divine grace, nothing confers so much ability to resist the temptations that perpetually surround us, as an habitual consideration of the shortness of life, and the uncertainty of those pleasures that solicit our pursuit; and this consideration can be inculcated only by affliction. “O Death! how little is the remembrance of thee, to a man that lives at ease in his possessions!” If our present state were one continued succession of delights, or one uniform flow of calmness and tranquility, we should never willingly think upon its end; death would then surely surprize us as a thief in the night; and our task of duty would remain unfinished ’till the night came when no man can work.

“While affliction thus prepares us for felicity we may console ourselves under its pressures, by remembering that they are no particular marks of divine displeasure : since all the distresses of persecution have been suffered by those of whom the world was not worthy ; and the Redeemer of mankind himself was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs.”

But should the christian not feel the weight of personal afflictions, there are perhaps sources of inquietude equally painful from which he cannot hope to escape, and for the endurance of which he will stand in need both of faith and of patience. He will have to wrestle not merely against flesh and blood, “but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.” Wherefore he is command-

ed “to put on the whole armour of God, that he may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil—praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit and watching thereunto with all perseverance”. For he that shall be found so doing will be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked ; and though he may be greatly harrassed in his march, he shall not be overcome ; though he be cast down yet he shall arise : and though faint in the conflict finally prevail and be more than conqueror.

Permit me, *Herbert*, therefore to say to you, as the sympathizing Saviour did to his mournful disciples, let not your heart be troubled : in your Father’s house are many mansions. Jesus is gone to prepare a place for you, and will come again, and receive you unto himself ; that where he is, you may be

also. "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." In the present world, which is fitly compared to a waste howling wilderness, where there are prickling briers and grievous thorns, the christian must expect to meet with many obstructions; with much to perplex his mind, to excite discouragement, and to impede his journey, But ere long he will pass the waters of Jordan and reach the desired haven where he shall peacefully enjoy the object of his hope without interruption and without satiety.

During their pilgrimage on earth, the children of God bear no marks by which men of the world recognize their heavenly births or learn to estimate their high privileges. "A good man is subject,

like other mortals, to all the influences of natural evil: his harvest is not spared by the tempest nor his cattle by the murrain; his house flames like others in a conflagration, nor have his ships any peculiar power of resisting hurricanes, his mind, however elevated inhabits a body subject to innumerable casualties, of which he must always share the dangers and the pains ”

Afflictions and poverty; persecution, fires, imprisonment, and death, are not viewed by the giddy and the gay, the wise and the prudent, as indications of sonship, but as tokens of extreme depravity and enormous guilt: as expressions of divine vengeance, rather than of mercy, as the frowns of an incensed judge, not as the salutary chastisements of an affectionate Father. But some, or all of these the children of God experience. Yea says an apostle, and all that will live

godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. "In the world, (said the despised Saviour,) ye shall have tribulation— For if ye were of this world, the world would love its own ; but because ye are not of the world but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. "

"It is usually our similitude to others, that makes them think and speak well of us : whosoever commends another, commends something that he supposes at least he hath in himself : and this is the reason of that woe of our Saviour—Woe to you when all men shall speak well of you. When wicked men speak well of us, it is a sign that we are too much like them. Even an Heathen could say, when highly applauded by the vulgar, What evil have I done that these men praise me ? "

The disciples of Christ are an afflicted and poor people : in general, literally

poor, and on this account, frequently viewed by the world as mean and contemptible. Their heavenly Father is pleased, for the best reasons, to withhold from them many things that glitter in the eye of sense, that are sure to attract notice, and which generally secure to the owner, of whatever character, unqualified tokens of adulation and respect. But the christian is not without his consolations. Exclusion from transitory good is abundantly recompenced by the contemplation of objects that dignify while they delight ; that irradiate the mind and exhilarate the heart : that raise the affections above terrestrial scenes, and enable the soul, not merely to anticipate, but to realize something of the felicities of glory. Considerations these of immense worth — “Compared to which all others are to man, condemned as he is shortly to die, but puerile

amusement, a house of cards, a bubble blown up into the air, and displaying deceitful colors in a momentary sunshine."

What abundant encouragement therefore, what sublime pleasure must it afford the weary pilgrim, labouring under the infirmities of decaying nature, to reflect that the period is fast approaching when the soul, released from the bondage of corruption, shall be completely sanctified ; all its faculties enlarged ; all its powers invigorated : when every perplexing doubt, every anxious fear, every distracting care shall be banished for ever : when nothing shall divide his heart, or interrupt his worship ; but having entered into rest, he shall joyfully unite in singing with all the ransomed of the Lord, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto

God and his Father : to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.”

But though the saints of the Most High are now despised and rejected ; though they are frequently accounted by the wicked as the refuse and offscouring of all things, and their end to be without honour, this will not always be the case. No ; when put into possession of the new Jerusalem, it may be said with emphasis They shall no more be termed forsaken—for God, their everlasting Father, will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. He will wipe away all tears from their eyes. There shall be no more sorrow, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Then shall they reweiw with grateful hearts, the way in which the Lord led them in the wilderness ; in which they were frequently discour-

aged, in which they had enemies powerful and numerous to encounter, and concerning whom it shall be sung with triumph, "We are more than conquerors through him who loved us." In the present state we are absent from the Lord : we walk by faith, not by sight. "God hath put a distance between the promise and the performance, so that it may be said in a comparative view, that the present life is rather a life of hope than of enjoyment ; and that the good things he gives relate more to the future than the present. But in the realms of glory and of blessedness, the saints will see face to face, and know even as also they are known.

The glories of the celestial city are viewed through a glass darkly ; but in the full fruition of God, their eyes shall see the King of beauty. They shall exult in the full display of his infinite perfections, and stand astonished at the breadth

and length, the depth and height, of the love of Christ ; while they joyfully experience the accomplishment of his own prayer, “ Father I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am ; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me ! ”

The consolation of the saints is now frequently interrupted, and always imperfect. But in the heavenly world it will be perpetual, vigorous and complete.

Nothing hostile to happiness can enter the mansions where perfection reigns and glory triumphs. Their joy will be inexpressible, immutable, and eternal. They will be subjects of an everlasting kingdom and their inheritance incorruptible. They will be “ ever with the Lord, in whose presence there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”

Such are the prospects and such the pleasures exhibited by the scriptures to invigorate faith and inspire hope with confidence “For what is death to that mind which considers eternity as the career of its existence ? what are the frowns of fortune to him who claims an eternal world as his inheritance ? what is the loss of friends to that heart, which feels with more than natural conviction, that it shall quickly rejoin them in a more tender, intimate, and permanent intercourse than any of which the present life is susceptible ? What are the fluctuations and vicissitudes of external things to a mind which strongly and uniformly anticipates a state of endless and immutable felicity ! What are mortifications, disappointments, and insults, to a spirit which is conscious of being the original offspring and adopted child of God ; which knows that its omnipotent Father

will, in proper time, effectually assert the dignity and privileges of its nature ? In a word, as earth is but a spark of creation, as time is not an instant in proportion to eternity : such are the hopes and prospects of the christian in comparison of every sublunary misfortune or difficulty. It is therefore in his judgement, the eternal wonder of angels, and indelible approbrium of man, that a religion so worthy of God, so suitable to the frame and circumstances of our nature, so consonant to all the dictates of reason, so friendly to the dignity and improvement of intelligent beings, pregnant with genuine comfort and delight, should be rejected and despised."

That there remaineth a rest to the people of God, the christian has no doubt. Delightful state ! surely the hope of enjoying it must administer con-

solation which nothing can destroy ! What are the momentary trials of the present life when compared to eternity of blessedness ? they are nothing—they are lost in the comparison. A sight of danger and of difficulties ; of enemies numerous and powerful will, it is true, sometimes discourage, and cause even the most valiant to halt ; but how animating to recollect that we maintain the spiritual conflict in the strength of omnipotence— that the Captain of our salvation has himself fought and conquered— that he is entered into his glory, and has taken possession of the crown ! He inhabits eternity— He is supremely blessed. But while supremely blessed--while encircled with grateful songs of Seraphim and of saints, is he an unconcerned spectator of our conflicts ? No ; to them that have no might he increaseth strength. He proclaims aloud to the


christian combatant, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life— He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death— He shall be clothed in white raiment— I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out,— He shall set with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

I have now only to add, Herbert, that this is a contest in which vigilance must not relax ; in which no truce can be admitted, no proposals for capitulation accepted, no league of amity concluded. Nothing short of perpetual resistance can ensure tranquility : nor must the brave warrior hope for conquest 'till he falls in the combat. Pray therefore, that you may "neither faint nor be weary, but

prevail unto victory. For though the conflict may be sharp and long, yet the sweetness of the reward will abundantly recompence the trouble of resistance ; and the joy of the triumph, the toils of war."

I am sincerely yours

THEODORE.



*Herbert to Theodore.**INVALUABLE FRIEND.*

When in the greatest distress, I have always found the balm of consolation reviving; but have never felt its blessed effects so powerful, as on the present occasion. Be assured, Theodore, my heart thrills with gratitude to thee,—'tis thou that hast revived my drooping heart and sinking mind, and hast given fresh hopes to my wounded spirit. The truths which thou hast so beautifully illustrated cannot fail to add comfort, in the fullest tide of woe and misery. Your inspired sentiments convince me, that you are in every instance led by divine precepts.

Acquainted as you have been of the nature of my sorrow and afflictions, no one could have better performed the part of a sympathizing and consoling friend.

I cannot my Dear Friend ; but ever remember your valuable précepts ; I shall always feel grateful. They are written upon the tablet of my heart in characters indelible, that cannot be effaced by time, but sinks in a deeper impression." I have proved thee, Theodore, and know thy worth. The consolation which thou hast administered to me, has deeply impressed my mind, with sacred awe and reverential fear,— it has given to sorrow, a degree of comfort which nothing can take away. It shines in the dark recesses of my heart, and gilds with joy and peace the gloomy horrors of despair. To say how my case stands in regard to the sacred laws,

is impossible, since it is totally buried in oblivion ; though doubts and fears accompany me ; yet I am not destitute of a hope, a hope that never fails to give consolation to the wounded spirit, and afford aid and relief amidst the distresses of life. It may be confidently affirmed that religion alone, is the only source from whence springs the steady tide of solid happiness ; her happy effects, in every respect produces peace and concord through out this mighty universe.

Without her aid man can do nothing towards aspiring to the father of light ; his circumstances must be extremely forlorn. He finds himself placed here as a stranger in a vast universe, where the powers and operations of nature are very imperfectly known ; where both the beginnings and the issues of things are involved in mysterious darkness ; where he is unable to discover with any certainty

from whence he sprung, or what purpose he was brought into this state of existence ; whether he be subjected to the government of a mild, or of a wrathfull ruler ; what construction he is to put on many of the dispensations of his providence ; and what is his fate to be when he departs hence. What a disconsolate situation to a serious enquiring mind ! The greater degree of virtue it possesses, its sensibility is likely to be the more oppressed by this burden of labouring thought, Even though it were in ones power to banish all uneasy thoughts, and to fill up the hours of life with perpetual amusement, life so filled up would, upon reflection, appear poor and trivial.

But these are far from being the terms upon which man is brought into this world. He is conscious that his being is frail and feeble ; he sees himself beset with various dangers ; and is exposed to

many a melancholy apprehension from the evils which he may have to encounter, before he arrives at the close of life. In this distressed condition, to reveal to him such discoveries of the Supreme Being as the sacred volume affords, is to reveal to him a Father and a Friend : is to let in a ray of the most cheering light upon the darkness of the human estate.

When in the vigour and bloom of health, possessed with every comfort which prosperity can give ; when the most pleasing scenes present themselves to our view, then it is that we are unmindful of that Being who fills us with all good ; unmindful of the inestimable favours conferred upon us, we proceed in our gay career, without ever opening our lips to his praise, or pouring our hearts out with gratitude to his mighty power. this my dear Friend was my misfortune,

unmindful of the goodness of my Creator I pursued the gaieties of life ; 'till at last the cloud of adversity arose and burst upon my head.

But the horrid scene is past, and I who was before a destitute orphan wandering in the inhospitable desert, has now gain-^{ne /}ed a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. I now know to whom to pray, and in whom to trust ; where to unbosom my sorrows, and from what hand to look for relief. It is certain that when the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, nothing is of equal efficacy with religious comfort. It is of power to enlighten the darkest hour, and to assuage the severest woe, by the belief of Divine favour, and the prospect of a blessed immortality. In such hope the mind expatiates with joy ; and when bereaved of its earthly friends, solaces itself with the thought of one Friend, who will

never forsake it. This has given consolation and refuge to many a virtuous heart, at a time when the most cogent reasonings would have proved utterly unavailing.

I shall now my Dear Friend hasten to a conclusion of my epistle, by drawing a few reflections, and complying with your wishes.

Acquainted as I have been with sorrow and affliction, I still hope to possess my soul in patience, and commit my way unto him who best knoweth what is good for me—who worketh all things together for good to them that love him and obey his laws. In whatever situation of life God shall place me, I will look up devoutly to him for grace and assistance ; and study to act the part assigned me with a faithful heart.

I have complied with your wishes in presenting you, Theodore, with the man-

ner in which I have employed each leisure hour since we parted. I feel it my indispensable duty, to employ every moment of time to the best of purposes.

After having performed the moral duties of the day, I always make it a constant rule, to retire from scenes of worldly bustle, to those of solitude: there to meditate and contemplate, on the wisdom and goodness of that Almighty Being who has protected me in the hour of sorrow and distress; and to him alone be ascribed all praise and veneration for ever and ever.

The enclosed writings are for your perusal, and although they do not directly tend to sacred subjects: though they are clad in the garb of morality, yet I trust they will be considered as leading to every good end: when they proceed from solitary subjects. When in the haunts of Solitude, the mind will naturally re-

vert to past scenes of whatever description they may be. In regard to that event which some time since unmanned me, viz : that of parting from my Leonora, I have but little to add on that head, as you will perceive, the natural tendency of my heart in the hours of Solitude.

With marks of sacred Friendship permit me to say

I am Yours very truly

HERBERT.

To Hope.

The feeling undefined that glows
 Within the breast that dearly loves,
 The rapture beaming eye oft shows
 'Tis not the ray of calm repose
 That dull despair removes.

Hope ! cheerer of the anguish'd breast !
 With lucid robe, cerulean blue,
 Again descend from regions blest,
 Oh ! deign with me to be a guest,
 And faded joys renew.

Beyond the grave my thoughts extend,
 And bounded is my earthly care ;
 Yet—whisper ! Leonora will be the friend,
 To wile me onward to my end,
 And joys and ills will share.

To thee sweet hope ! my votive lay
 Shall oft in grateful numbers roll,
 If thou would'st shed this cheering ray,
 And chace despondency away,
 'Till life has reach'd its gaol.



Herbert's
FAREWELL ADDRESS
 TO
Leonora.

The sorrow which adorns my cheek,
 Betrays the anguish of my heart :
 Ah Leonora ! what do they say ?
 Alas ! that you and I must part.

Farewell ! I go to visit scenes,
 Those scenes which once could yield delight ;
 But Ah ! each joy has lost its charm,
 And dreary seems as shades of night.

Each hour 'till now was fraught with bliss ;
 No anxious care my breast annoy'd ;
 But Love (capricious duty join'd)—
 The calm serenity's destroy'd.

Say will you ever give a thought,
 To him who'll ever think of you ?
 Do not deny the trivial boon
 'Tis all I ask.— Adieu ! Adieu !



Leonora to Herbert.

DEAR AND VALUED HERBERT.

Why do you accuse me of coldness and indifference? it seems to me to be your chief delight in endeavouring to make me unhappy; believe me, last evening when I perused your letter, I felt shocked beyond measure,—I thought I had cautioned you against writing to me in such a serious way, as I assure you again it greatly lessens my esteem for you.

It is unbecoming a christian, and I must add a great blemish on your conduct were it not for that I should consider truly unblamable; therefore my Dear Herbert you must promise me, not to think of it more, or all agreements must be void and the past buried in obli-

vion. The poetry you sent me I should have highly prized had you chosen some other subject than the one you wrote upon ; the former pieces of poetry that you were so kind as to present me with, I cannot part with upon any account, as I value them too much, but you can copy them if you please.

I have thought proper to return some of the books that were sent, they are of no use to me as I never read them ; but at the same time I beg you will accept of my thanks for those I have retained. I must conclude by observing I shall be happy to see you at the appointed time, and should the morning be inviting, I shall walk towards H—when and where I hope to meet the object of my fond wishes ; the interview I shall employ in anticipating a joyful reconciliation with all parties, particularly with your.

Ever true and faithful,
LEONORA.

*Herbert to Leonora.**LEONORA.*

I again venture to address you with my pen, and though it imperfectly sketches the sentiments of my heart, yet you may form some idea of them. As the greatest delicacy is required on the present momentous period ; I hope in your heart, that it still holds its reign. However mysterious the present may appear to you, the past will ere long be unfolded. In your view most probably there may appear great obligation, for excuse and pardon on my side. In such a case I hope it will still flow from the source of a tender and feeling heart, a heart that once beat in unison with one which still hold dear the sacred pledge it has long since given—"Heaven still is

gracious ! The almighty from his throne
 deigns to send down his beams of pardon-
 ing grace” Divine Love in full brightness
 dawns upon my injured soul, and pour
 into its wounds the precious balm of hope,
 and consolation—and comfort is found in
 the vast wilderness of woe.—“Yea though
 I walk through the valley of the shadow
 of Death, I will fear no ill, for thy rod
 and thy staff comfort me.”

I shall pursue the cause I have in view
 and from a voice which from within,
 loudly whispers—pronounce

Terrestrial scenes no more my hours employ,
 Since on my view dawns light beams of joy ;
 Whilst in union Faith and Hope paints the way,
 And charity’s influence all my nobler actions sway :
 Meek-ey’d patience my destined steps attend,
 And candour marks me for her friend.
 I abhor as Hell, the insidious lie,
 The low deceit, the unmanly calumny ;
 My immortal soul the impious wit detest,
 My firmest virtue scorns the unhallow’d jest.

In awe I live as born one day to die,
And view th' eternal world with constant eye.

If thus I live, if strictly I keep thy word ;
In mercy view in mercy hear me Lord !
For Ah ! how strict so 'ere I keep thy law,
From mercy only all my hopes I draw : —
My holiest deeds indulgence will require,
The best but to forgiveness will aspire
If thou my purest services regard,
'Twill be with pardon only, not reward.
How imperfection's stamp'd on all below !
How sin intrudes on all we say or do !
Mortal and proud ! strange contradictory terms !
Pride for death's victim, for the prey of worms !
Of all the wonders which th' eventful life
Of man presents ; of all the mental strife,
Of warring passions ; all the raging fires
Of furious appetites and mad desires ;
Not one so strange appears as this alone,
That man is proud of, what is not his own.—

O Love Divine ! sole source of charity !
More dear one genuine deed performs for thee,
Than all the periods feeling e'er can turn,
Than all the touching page can e'er discern !

Not that by deeds alone this love's express'd ;
 If so the affluent only were the blest'.
 One silent wish, one prayer, one soothing word,
 The page of mercy shall, well-pleas'd record,
 One soul-felt sigh by pow'rless pity giv'n,
 Accepted incense shall ascend to Heav'n.

Now Leonora, in all probability my destined course has dawned upon your view, in such a case, I need not further point the way, but leave the event to Heaven's direction.

I did not receive yours of the 8th. of June, 'till some time after I sent off my last, otherwise I should not have troubled you with this. I wish you however, to attend to and reflect on the Question, high and important in itself.—Recollect it has once been put to you but in vain — Dost thou in the name of Heaven, accept my hand ? if you can in the strictest purity do it, do it quickly. I again pronounce, that if you reject the proffered

offer, you will not send forth curses against me, if another virtuous Woman deigns to share with me the joys and ills of life. It is on you my heart most strongly leans, Grateful remembrances give rise to long continued emotions of tenderness and love.

Yours sincerely

HERBERT.



Leonora to Herbert.

Ah me ! what pangs a tender heart must feel !

Such is the wayward fate of all below ;

We joy and sorrow oft in others weal,

And best afflictions prove a source of woe.

To friendship's power I've long resign'd my soul,
 And fanci'd happiness her reign must prove ;
 The ills of life I thought she would controul,
 And peace and rest would flow from purest love.

Alas ! 'twas mortal, what I'd fancied more ;
 And ills will mix in scenes beneath the sky :
 Friendship soon prov'd the ideal bliss was o'er,
 That pains were doubled by the tender tie.

Friendship how strange thy sympathetic pow'r !
 Thy magic influence spreads thro' all my mind ;
 I dote on pain, indulge the mournful hour
 When friendship call, nor think the task unkind.

Nay more—how oft I've left the mirthful scene,
 The scene where joy and mirth seem'd to reign :
 And stole with Friendship to the calm serene,
 The converse of the heart, how great the gain.

When my Herbert, meets me hasty youth,
 And tell the artless story of his woe ;
 My bosom meets his sighs, his grief would'st sooth,
 And tear for tear from sympathy would flow.

Might but the heart-felt tenderness that I bear,
 Sooth the keen anguish of his aching breast ;
 With joy I would indulge th' endearing care,
 And live to hush his sorrows into rest.

My dear Herbert ! can thy heart enjoy—
 A sense of aught that friendship can bestow ;
 Or does thy wretchedness all sense destroy !
 But that which serves to swell thy woe !

Yet such my love to thee, the tie so strong ;
 I still would strive to ease thy soul's distress ;
 Nor could pale misery paint the season long !
 That in the end should bring thy mind redress.

Sometimes I've seen a transient gleam of joy ;
 Transfus'd thro' all thy features to a smile :
 Indulge the ray, nor be to friendship coy ;
 Her kindly influence may thy woes beguile.

With Liberal hand my mind by Heav'n is stored,
 Each dear affection in my heart hath place :
 For gifts like these, be gracious Heav'n adored,
 And glowing gratitude express the grace.

These, too, will bid thy tortur'd breast be still,
 And calm thy troubled passions into rest :
 Will lead thee to acquiesce in th' Almighty's will ;
 And see that all his ways are right and best.



On Love.

“Love as strong as death.”

If we duly reflect upon the origin of Love, we must certainly admit that it is a passion of the soul, and that the whole of our happiness must ensue from its proper regulation; for when two souls become united by the sacred bond of reciprocal love, it finds means to make their troubles common, which by being shared become in some measure the more easy to be borne.

Another circumstance in favour of love is, that when age or accident destroys the outward bloom, from which love originally emanated, it will in well governed minds, subside into the calm pleasures resulting from pure friendship unalloyed by the warmth of impetuous passions.

Love is of all events the most social ; for the principle and in fact only enjoyment possessed by lovers, is that which they borrow from their love. It is the very soul (*if I may be allowed the expression*) of their existence, and so exceedingly powerful has it ever been considered, that many writers have spoken of it as being a god ; and others on the contrary as being a dæmon ; while a third party have pronounced love to be a species of agreeable madness, under the influence of which reason resigns her empire, and the mind heretofore free, submits without a struggle to the dominion of another.

If we desire to trace the origin of love we shall invariably find that its first impressions owe their strength to the powers possessed by beauty either of person or mind ; the latter of which must always claim love and respect as its just due, and

the former will generally possess it as a matter of courtesy ; it being very difficult for man to divest himself of the agreeable ideas created in his mind by external beauty ; thus when we behold a beautiful female, we take it for granted that her qualities of mind are equal to those of her person ; consequently we imagine that she must be altogether amiable : and nothing grieves the heart of a man more severely, than to ultimately discover that his opinions upon this point were erroneous.

Love is intimately combined with hope upon which it securely leans for support and likewise with a delicacy of desire, warm in its nature, yet pure in its intentions : destitute of which it can never exist in its proper sense. Love is also exceedingly active and bold ; no difficulties can deter it in the prosecution of its desires ; no dangers can for a moment chill

its warmth ; mountains and seas, nay even the gaunt form of death vainly endeavour to throw obstacles in its path ; for love finds no difficulties but what it surmounts ; no pride but what it humbles ; no power but what it subdues ; and finally no rigour but what it softens. The mighty monarch surrounded by his guards, and the wretched mendicant who has not wherewith to purchase his daily bread, are alike subject to his power, equally susceptible of its raptures. and equally alive to its sorrows.

Its power therefore may be said to be omnipotent, for it throws a charm upon every thing, and smooths every difficulty because a lover never considers his labour to be troublesome.

Gratitude constitutes the essence of mutual and pure love, because it teaches us how we may duly estimate the affectionate favours interchanged between

lovers. This brief outline of love is concluded by a quotation respecting the sexes from our great poet, which I think elegantly distinguishes their different attributes.

“ though both,
Not equal, as their sex not equal seem'd ;
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.”

Milton.

Religion.

Hail, gentle piety ! unmingled joy,
Whose fulness satisfies, but ne'er can cloy ;
Spread thy soft wings o'er my devoted breast ;
And settle there an everlasting guest :
Religion prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and of fate.

Religion supposes a knowledge of the Deity, his perfections and government ; of ourselves, rational, moral and fallen creatures ; of the way in which offenders may be restored to the divine favour ; and of mankind in their various relations to us. It consists in an unreserved regard to the duties resulting from our nature and condition, and the relation in which we stand to other beings. It is a reasonable service. As it is founded in knowledge so it enlarges the mind, exalts and refines its powers, and gives them their just direction and employment.

Religion conscious of human weakness, rests on divine revelation ; but in examining the evidence, design and meaning of revelation, admits the aid of reason. It is calm in its enquiries, delicate in its resolves, and steady in its conduct. It cherishes modest and humble thoughts, is open to light and conviction

and labours for improvement. It is mild and peaceable in its disposition, sober and temperate in its manners, candid and condescending to others. It studies to promote love and union among men, in civil and religious society; reprobates none for trivial differences; attends chiefly to things of solid importance: and regards as the friends of God, all who do so, whatever name they bear.

It condemns vice and the errors that lead to it: approves virtue and the truths which promote it, whether in friend or enemy. It aims to please the Deity by a constant observance of his injunctions; and under a sense of revelation, penitently relies on mercy through the grand atonement provided. it is firm in danger, uniform in duty, content with the silent approbation of the heart, and a consciousness of divine approbation; humbly trusting in the wisdom and equity of the

supreme government. In a word, Religion improves the intellects, rectifies the will, sweetens the temper, calms the passions, gives peace to the conscience ; and renders us courteous, friendly and beneficent to each other.

Reflections.

ON

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL DUTIES.

Considering religion as the corner stone of all the moral virtues, my reflections shall commence with the important subject : a subject of no less consequence to the youthful than it is to the aged. Were the life of man decreed by his Maker to be extended to the period of threescore

years and ten : reflections upon the shortness of its duration might be considered as superfluous by those who had not measured one third of its extent ; but as death as frequently levels his well aimed dart at the youthful as the aged, and as we daily behold the former cut off in the midst of high health and high hopes, it is as necessary for them as it is for the latter, seriously to reflect upon a future world.

The practice of true piety neither interferes with the pleasures nor enjoyments of that season to which gratifications of that kind in a peculiar manner belong ; it merely places a boundary to the indulgence of those pleasures which would otherwise terminate in dissipation. Let not my readers then imagine I would check innocent gratifications, or impress the finger of cankering care upon the forehead of the young, for I consider hilarity as essential to that season as crutches are

to a broken bone. It is only the splenetic and superstitious who represent religion as inimical to social enjoyments ; the first miracle which the great teacher of it performed, was at a marriage feast ; a striking conviction that social enjoyments are by no means incompatible with a religious turn of mind. As every blessing we enjoy is derived from the Omnipotent, our hearts ought at once to glow with adoration and gratitude : for if the beneficence of his creatures inspires the latter sensation in our bosoms, in how much more eminent a degree ought it to be displayed towards our God.

“Youth,(observes the justly honoured and admired Doctor Blair,) is the season of warm and generous emotions : the heart should then spontaneously arise into admiration of what is great, and glow with the love of what is fair and excellent : and where can any object be found

so proper to kindle those affections as frequent reflections upon the greatness and goodness of the Omnipotent ?”

Though the enemies of Religion have endeavoured to represent its practice as inimical to social enjoyments, yet like the inveterate foe of our first parents they will be found deceivers ; for in the practice of piety there is a refined gratification far superior to any other we can meet with from the world. In every sphere of life, there is a secret satisfaction arising from the communion we are permitted to hold with an all-gracious God : yet we feel its sustaining power in a peculiar manner when labouring under trials and afflictions ; and as no stage of existence is exempted from them, the practice of piety is capable of affording equal consolation to the aged and to the young.

HYMN.

Written in a morning in Spring.

Hear the lark her hymn expressing,
 On the wings of morning mild,
 To the God of light addressing ;
 Grateful carols soft and wild.

CHORUS

Bounteous Father, for each blessing
 Take the tribute of our hearts ;
 View around thy works confessing,
 Gladness which thy love imparts.

Let us rise ! in exclamation,
 Rise ! and hail the dawning day ;
 See ! how smiles the whole creation,
 Blest beneath his sovereign sway.

Chorus repeated.

Hark ! what heav'nly raptures swelling,
 From each spray that shades the grove ;
 And shall brutes, e'en us excelling,
 Bid us sing his praise and love.

Chorus repeated.

Softly steals the breath of morning,
 O'er the glades refresh'd with dew ;
 Joy and plenty our earth adorning,
 Spread delight to mortals view.

Chorus repeated.

STANZAS.

Ye lovely orbs, that in your courses roll,
 Spangling the firmament with living light,
 In countless millions spread from pole to pole,
 And streaming through the shadows of the night,
 How can wondering soul, in love and wonder lost,
 Enough adore the hand that form'd your glitt'ring
 [host.

Oft through the silence of the starlight hour,
 When other eyes are clos'd in gentle sleep,
 When I, a stranger to her healing power,
 O'er the dim lamp my midnight vigils keep ;
 Sick of the gloomy scene, and th' pale quivering light
 That saddens all my senses, and tires my aching sight.

Softly I steal me to the open air,
 To breathe awile the balmy breath of heav'n,
 Look round that world supported by his care,
 And all those blessings so widely giv'n.—
 'Rapt with the glorious view my soul essays
 Hosannas to his name, his mighty name to praise.

HYMN ON GRATITUDE.

Begin, my soul, thy grateful lays,
 And pour to God thy notes of praise !
 Join in my song ye bubbling rills !
 Ye ruffian blast, and cloud-capt hills,
 Resound his goodness with your voice,
 And in his glorious works rejoice.

When stung with pain, or rack'd with care
 Or plung'd in horrors of despair,
 Thy tender mercy brings relief,
 And Calms the tumult of my grief ;
 When e'er in sleep I rest my head,
 A golden cherub guards my bed ;
 When o'er the boisterous waves I ride,
 And dangers croud on every side,
 When seas on seas in mountains rise,
 And with their threats assail the skies,
 And lightnings flash from struggling poles,
 My shatter'd bark in safety rolls ;
 For thou Survey'st with guardian eye,
 And aid'st my ling'ring destiny.



EVENING HYMN.

Thou God ! who will'd creation birth,
 Whose goodness knows no end,
 And thro' the wide-expanded earth
 Thy gifts to all extend.

To thee we give unfeigned praise,
 Whose energetic power
 Hath guided safely all our days,
 To this declining hour.

Continue still that saving grace,
 We, undeserving find ;
 And from us, Lord ! those sins efface,
 Which most pollute the mind.

Guard us thro' the ills of night :
 Thy gracious aid we pray,
 With grateful hearts to greet the light
 Of next returning day.

And grant, when death thy call shall bring,
 Our souls to realms may soar,
 When we triumphant praise may sing
 And night be known no more.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Parent of joy ! thou kind relief
 Of every care, of every grief,
 Ah ! whither art thou fled ?
 Whilst faithless smiles and forc'd grimace,
 And flattery's hypocritic face
 Are honour'd in thy stead.

Ye courtly tribes, whose laws refin'd,
 Make men less virtuous and less kind,
 Away ! to some distant shore ;
 Come ! meek-ey'd love void of art,
 And speak the language of the heart,
 And friendship's joys restore.

As darts the sun in radiant stream,
 O'er the Chaotic mass, its beams,
 And lights the vast profound ;
 Thus friendship gilds the gloom of life ;
 Thus dissipates each jarring strife.
 And spreads its joys around.

Cordial of life ! thus friendship pours,
 Her comforts o'er our heaviest hours,
 And makes the burthen light ;
 Or sprightly sheds joy's gladsome rays,
 Illuminates our happier days,
 And bid them shine more bright.



ON HUMILITY.

Humility is the state of mind of all others, most suited to our present nature; nor ought it ever to be confounded with low qualities ! or want of spirit ; for it is the effect of just reflection, and amiable propensities. It is a disposition of the soul which keeps the eye and ear open to truth, and the heart penetrated with sentiments best calculated to lead us to the source of all happiness and wisdom.

Every quality which leads us from this virtue, tends to inflate the heart,

and takes from the mind that justness of perception which we possess when we know our own level. Humility is a virtue which stands opposed to vanity ; it courts retirement, searches for truth, and leads the mind to the paths of wisdom and piety. As vanity will tarnish the brightest talents, humility will give dignity to inferior ones, and avert many temptations to errors. It is the result of just thinking ; which strengthens the mind against the delusions of self love, by keeping before us the constant remembrance of our dependance on the Almighty ; and the laws of nature, which limit our present existence, and make our happiness and very faculties so unstable, that we are not secure of any thing for one single moment.

Though humility is a virtue, which ought to characterize this uncertain state of humanity, it belongs perhaps still

more to weman than to men ; for as their path in life is noiseless, and seldom admits the intrusions of ambition, they find more leisure for that reflective wisdom which will render them grateful, instead of arrogating a supposed merit. This disposition, by softening the mind, will render it truly amiable ; for it will make it consider surrounding objects too justly to be soured by the contingencies of life.

Characters possessing this wise modesty, will be unshaken by empty praise and vague prejudices ; but gather useful truths, and store them in their hearts.

And while their pride is subdued by the increase of knowledge, they will feel the consolation of hope, founded in confidence in God.

Theodore to Herbert.

DEAR HERBERT.

I received your packet safe and beg to return you my sincerest thanks, as its contents afforded me much pleasure and heart-felt satisfaction; and have made a brighter discovery of thy high exalted mind :—pursue thy course and thou wilt surely find that aid and consolation which thou art seeking.

Believe me, my Friend, I am extremely happy to find, that your opinion of things is in perfect unison with mine; and I have only to hope that it will for ever continue to be so. Surely I may conclude, that we have not unfolded the sacred volume in vain. With what care and circumspection must we still turn over its leaves, and be particularly guarded against the misconstruction, which all

mankind are very liable to erect, on the various subjects which adorn its pages.

Let us my Dear Herbert ever most attentively view the nature of sacred and moral concerns, let us put on the garb of humility, and as far as we can, follow the bright example which the great Teacher of christianity left us : then shall we look with pleasure and satisfaction on the past and be possessd with a steady and firm hope towards futurity.

As my former letters appear to carry a great weight with you, I shall take the present opportunity of presenting you with further sentiments, which you may in all probability perceive applicable to your case as well as my own. I should feel more inward satisfaction, if it were possible for us to converse personally together, but however as fate has ordained our present situations, all we can do is to acquiesce in the Almighty's will, and be

convinced that he worketh all things for good, to them that love him and sincerely obey his sacred injunctions.

With every mark of tender Friendship I beg leave to blend observation with my sentiments and as the former I trust are founded on the basis of moral and pious rectitude I hope the latter will not be considered, as severe.

From the cradle to the tomb, we all have a share of sorrow, allotted us, which it is our bounden duty to bear with fortitude and resignation ; the present state, is a state of trial in which we can never be too strict upon our guard ; there are various sources presented to us which will enable us, to rise superior to every difficulty ; but the sure and certain support of spiritual life, is a constant and steady correspondence with heaven by prayer and devotion :— it keeps the sense of God warm and lively within

us,— which secures our dispositions. and set such guards over us, that hardly will a temptation prevail against us.

Not doubting my Dear Friend but what you are perfectly acquainted with the nature of this statement, I shall pursue my observations and sentiments.

As I consider true candour, ought to reign and subsist in the bond of inseparable friendship, I shall here inforce it.

I have perceived my Dear Herbert that you are in various seasons overwhelmed with sorrow ; I should by all means recommend you to bear strictly in mind the promises given unto us, by the eternal Son of God.

That state of darkness and distress which you think peculiar to yourself, is common to every penitent when a sense of interest in divine forgiveness is withheld. Few persons are led to dispute either the freeness or the all-suffi-

ciency of the grace manifested in the gospel for the pardon of sin ; painful concern in reference to this subject, generally arises from a fear of their having no right to partake of the distinguished blessing. When this is the case, guilt holds the soul in bondage ; unbelief obscures the first glimmerings of hope ; and it is precipitately concluded that there is no ground on which to expect forgiveness. But Herbert, with regard to yourself, why this despondency ? doubt neither the sufficiency nor the freeness of grace. That God who hath awakened the sleeping conscience, has also directed to a physician acquainted with both the disease and remedy ; and who is not only able, but willing to present you faultless before the presence of his father with exceeding joy.

Why then do you judge it, rather your duty to mourn than to believe ; and

to put away comfort lest it should check the overflowings of sorrow ? To souls under spiritual convictions of sin, belong all the consolatory promises that enrich the oracles of truth. What shall I then say to repress fear and encourage hope ? To this enquiry the language of truth answers—"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people ; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned." Surely these are tidings suited to distress—that must raise dejection from the dust, and inspire doubt with confidence ! Come then, "thou that art of a fearful heart be strong ;" this night of darkness is but a prelude to that lucid interval, when Jesus, the son of righteousness shall arise, and be as the light of the morning when the sun ariseth, even a morning without clouds.

The soul arising from the darkest night,
 Shall view the dawning ray
 With splendid beams of genial light,
 Bring in the welcome day ;

The healing sweets of Gilead's balm,
 Thy wounded breast shall prove ;
 And every ruder thought be calm,
 Subdu'd by conquering love.

Should unbelief suggest that the enjoyment of this delightful season is impossible ; remember that with Christ the Almighty Saviour, all things are possible. His resplendent beams can penetrate the dark recesses of the heart and usher in the glorious, the welcome day of gospel grace. Then fear not Herbert : “for thou shalt not be ashamed ; neither shalt thou be confounded—for thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel.”

Your sorrow and dejection may perhaps induce you to reply, I wait for light

but behold obscurity ; for brightness but walk in darkness. Nevertheless be not discouraged : the Saviour to whom you are directed to look, is the life and the “light of the world ; and whosoever believeth on him, shall not abide in darkness—When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble ? and when he hideth his face, who then can behold him ? ” If he but say Paece, be still, there shall be a great calm.

Having therefore such an Almighty and compassionate Redeemer, let me intreat you to flee to him for free pardon and complete redemption. Implore his Omnipotent aid to banish every fear, to silence every doubt ; and he will bring you off more than conqueror. The arms of his mercy are ever extended for the reception of sinners. He waits to be gracious. In him are safety and everlasting strength ; He is the eternal God.

Now, is it possible to sink when upheld by Omnipotence? To faint under almighty succour? No; for thus saith the Lord: "Fear thou not: for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea I will help thee, yea I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Words more animating and consolatory cannot be easily selected: they ensure safety in the most perilous situation, support under the most pressing difficulties, and must surely constrain us to say? "who is a God like unto thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage! He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

To the soul that is burthened with sorrow and distress, and importunate for mercy, the scriptures afford ample encouragement. Here we behold a Saviour

exhibited, "who is not only able, but willing to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them"

No suppliant was ever driven from his throne, or sought relief of him in vain. The wretched and forlorn, the helpless and the hopeless, will meet with a kind reception. "The spirit and the bride say come. And let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Flee then, to this gracious deliverer, this friend of the distressed. Attend to the endearing declaration of his own lips; "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

Encouraging language this. Surely it must rouse dejection from her torpor,

and lay a foundation for hope in the most abandoned profligate. Nothing can be more applicable to his wretched condition, nor better adapted to administer relief.

The language of your heart, Herbert, speaks poverty of spirit: to whom then should you go but to Christ, with whom there are durable riches and righteousness. Hearken diligently unto me, is the affectionate language of Jesus, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear and your soul shall live—Return to the Lord and he will have mercy upon you; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

In opposition to the freeness of grace, urge neither the number nor the magnitude of your crimes as a bar to forgive-

ness. This would be to act like the timorous passenger, who in a storm at sea makes it his only business to tell the waves, and to shriek at the beating of every billow against the ship : instead of imitating the industrious pilot, who hath his hand at the helm, and his eye to heaven, and minds more his duty than his danger. Neither thinking that pardon cannot be extended to you, nor the depths of your despondency, can be admitted as evidence of your having no interest in divine mercy. Others have known what it is to groan, being burdened ; and have cried in anguish of soul, “my way is hid from the Lord, and my judgement is passed over from my God.” No saint, perhaps ever experienced more painful anxiety on this account, or exulted more in confidence of future glory than the Psalmist.

“Will the Lord, he asks, cast off for ever ? and will he be favourable no more ?

Is his mercy clean gone for ever ? Doth his promise fail for ever more ? hath God forgotten to be gracious ? hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies ?—O my God, my soul is cast down within me—all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me. Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.—

Why art thou cast down O my soul ? and why art thou disquieted within me ? hope thou in God ; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God.” Now unless it can be proved that divine grace is not free for you, and as competent to supply your wants as those of the Royal suppliant : your doubts must be groundless. The Psalmist had no moral worth to encourage his approach to God for mercy, and on which to place his dependance for pardon. He

saw nothing in himself but ground for despair. He knew if the Lord were to mark iniquity, that in his sight no man living could be justified. As to the depth of his contrition, I need say nothing ; it is in this case quite sufficient for your encouragement that, though now a saint in glory, he was once a stranger to himself, and his carnal mind enmity against God : and in this awful situation are all the progeny of Adam.

Ever since the fall of our first parents, all men invariably manifest a stronger propensity to cleave to their own righteousness ; to something they have performed, or are to perform in order to final happiness. When a man contemplates the turpitude of his nature, and the imperfection of his conduct, he must as a moral agent be conscious of numberless defects ; of being extremely culpable and as he cannot but acknowledge,

on reflection, that his pravity has been the result of his own choice, he naturally looks to future reformation for something that may counterbalance his guilt, and avert the punishment he has reason to expect.

Without revelation, he has no other medium by which to obtain forgiveness ; and if this revelation be neglected or despised, he will not see the absurdity of his conduct ; his deceptive hope will keep pace with his diligence ; and if divine goodness do not interpose, he will never perceive his mistake 'till too late to prevent it.

It was said by one well acquainted with human nature, Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall. The salutary caution is the language of wisdom and benevolence. The best of men when left to themselves, have given awful proofs of their incompetency to withstand temptation. Witness the case of

Hezekiah, whom God left to try him, that he might know the corruption of his heart ; and it may repress the vanity of self-confidence, to recollect that an apostle was pious in the house, courageous in the garden, and in the hall both a coward and a traitor.

That the all wise Creator of the universe is pleased, for the purposes of his own glory, to restrain the passions of men, is clear from the case of Abimelech respecting Abraham, and also from these words of the Psalmist ; “Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee, the remainder of wrath shall then restrain ;” and perhaps both these clauses, and also the principle on which I reason, were never more awfully nor more clearly exemplified, than in the character and conduct of Pharaoh King of Egypt.

Having presented you with my senti-

ments, my Dear Friend, I trust they may be of some little use to you, as I have endeavoured to illustrate the sacred truth in every point of view : and I humbly hope I have not laboured in vain, with the entertainment of this hope, conclude in saying whatever may be your present feelings, avoid and shun dark despair, in pious confidence, put thy trust in the Lord : remember the sacred expression in which the Saviour of mankind has made use of to all penitent and returning sinners, when he says, “Son be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.”

This is the voice that soothes the pangs of grief,
 That yields the burthen'd conscience sweet relief :
 O couldst thou, Herbert, the matchless bliss explore,
 Thy trembling heart would disbelieve no more :
 Thy troubled breast would then with rapture move,
 Nor doubt the freeness of Emmanuel's love.

Look then to this Almighty Saviour,

this Friend of sinners, thou prisoner of hope. He is, remember, not only our Advocate with the Father, against whom we have sinned, but the propitiation for our sins. “Be it known unto you therefore, that through this man, is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins—for God hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.” Neither the number nor the magnitude of your transgressions forbids your approach.

Were none but the comparatively worthy encouraged to come, vain man might think he had whereof to boast. But in the affair of salvation, the Lord hath purposed to stain the pride of human glory, and to bring into contempt those things that are generally considered as establishing a kind of title to his favour and forgiveness. For were any other plea than sovereign grace through the blood of

Christ admitted into the court of heaven the self-righteous moralist might glory in his doings, the wise man in his wisdom and the mighty in his strength. But as nothing done by man can in the least conduce to his justification before God, we must conclude with the apostle and rejoice in the conclusion, "That salvation is of grace—not of works lest any man should boast." The inspired writer fell for the honour of his divine Master, as well as for the souls of men: and while he laboured to preserve the gospel in its purity, he shewed the arrogant their danger, and exalted the riches of grace by opening a door of hope for the chief of sinners.

With every ardent wish, I finally conclude, and with each wish I humbly blend each anxious hope; and trust that you will bear in mind the sacred truth.

Yours very sincerely,

THEODORE.

Herbert to Theodore.

DEAR FRIEND.

Being fully convinced of the justness of your sacred remarks, and having very clearly perceived that you have most ably illustrated the divine truths : I cannot let an opportunity occur without returning you my most hearty and sincere thanks.

Endued as I am with a knowledge of thy high and exalted mind, I cannot but feel myself quite incapable of answering the illustration of all that is good and amiable. From thy pen, my dear Friend has dropped truth in its most brilliant garb of purity, therefore it would be vanity in me, in attempting to direct, or lead you any further than what thy own ideas has already directed you. I shall upon these considerations, my Dear Friend, only endeavour to shew you how

far my sentiments agree with yours, and leave you to judge how far I have pictured that bright example which you have already set forth : I shall proceed my Friend with another remark on self confidence, as it is the principle thing which has led to my present calamity : for this subject I refer to the character of the Jews, of whom It may be justly said, “they trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others.

They had a zeal for God, but not according to knowledge : for they being ignorant of God’s righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God.”

In regard to forgiveness, I beg to remark that my opinion is : that before a man can cordially receive the salvation revealed in the gospel, every pretension to forgiveness on the ground of human wor-

thiness must be entirely relinquished.

To talk of pardoning one that is innocent, or of forgiving a debt that never was contracted, is absurd in the extreme : it is therefore a part of the holy Spirit's work to convince the sinner that "in his flesh dwelleth no good thing—that his own righteousness is as filthy rags ;" and that if he expects to be justified before God, all he has ever esteemed gain, in reference to this grand affair, must be accounted loss for Christ.

Heaven, stands like a little mark in a wide field, where there are a thousand ways to err from it, and but one to hit it.

Yea though God had said that there is but one sacrifice by which we can be perfected : but one blood by which we can be purified : but one name by which we can be saved ; yet how hardly are the best drawn to trust perfectly to the grace

revealed, and to look from themselves to Christ, as the author and finisher of their blessedness ; seeing therefore Holy Father, that thou hast made the whole progress of salvation to be in Christ, and by Christ, election to be in him : adoption to be in him : justification to be in him : sanctification to be in him ; glorification to be in him ; grant that whatever others do, I may never choose the light of reason but the Son of righteousness to guide my feet into the paths of life : and that both in life and in death, I may say as that blessed martyr did, “None but Christ, none but Christ. ”

In regard to the comparison I have just made, I conceive that there may be many observations made upon it ; you my Dear Friend, I doubt not will in justice, have some observations to make upon it. As I trust it is no unjust representation. I hope that it will not be

condidered as an observation of ridicule when I can more particularly assert, that the intention of it is derived from sacred motives.

The enquiry of my soul in its present state is—How the judge of the world can consistently with the holiness of his nature, and the immutability of his truth in the threatenings, justify a sinner who during his whole life, has paid little or no regard to either? This is, Theodore, my present important question—and a question no sooner made, than it is answered in the most consolatory truths, I find, that the sacred writings inform me, that in the cross of Christ, this question is explicitly answered—the whole mystery is completely developed. “He that commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shineth in the heart, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of

God in the face of Jesus Christ.” The eye of faith discovers how God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth. The just God and the Saviour are beheld with awful reverence and delightful astonishment ! This reflection my Dear Friend, alone cause the tears of gratitude to flow from my admiring eyes ; I look upon him whom my sins have pierced, and sincerely mourn, and humbly exclaim with the prophet, “he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows —He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities : the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray : we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all—God forbid that I should henceforth glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ—who loved me and gave himself for me.

That Christ is the only author of salvation, is by me, and must be by every christian acknowledged. It may be said in reference to all that he did as the church's surety, as well as the complete conquest of his enemies ; "Of the people, there was none with him : there was none to help, none to uphold : therefore his own arm brought salvation, the work of redemption was assigned to him in the everlasting covenant : it was what he voluntarily undertook, and what as mediator he came to execute in the state of his humiliation on earth. By perfect conformity of heart and of life to the moral law, and by suffering on the cross the dreadful penalty annexed to transgressions, the stupendous undertaken was accomplished. That it was complete in all its parts, we have no doubt, because to this the divine Jesus bore unequivocal testimony when, in the ago-

nize of death he cried, It is finished, and gave up the ghost." As therefore he had no co-partner, no assistant in the work; we are not to imagine that he will give his glory to another. He that glorieth must glory in the Lord only. We are not justified and saved by works of righteousness which we have done, but freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins.—Where is boasting then? It is excluded. By what law? Of works? Nay; by the law of faith. Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by faith without the deeds of the law. The arguments adduced by the inspired writer to prove the sovereignty of grace in election, are strictly applicable to the justification of a sinner before God. "If it be by grace

then it is no more of works ; otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more grace ; otherwise work is no more work." But my dear Friend, on this important subject, and others inseparably connected with it I cannot now enlarge. Believe me

Sincerely yours &c.

HERBERT.

Herbert to Theodore.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In the swiftness of a moment, you may not comprehend my motives for addressing you separately, I shall therefore briefly state to you my meaning.

During our long and steady correspondence, I have ever found, that our sentiments have always been in perfect unison. You always have expressed a wish

P.

to possess my sacred and moral occurrences ; and as I have given you the former, I hasten to present you with the latter.

I now turn to scenes of earthly sorrow, which have already past my aching sight, and revert to that one which has distracted my once unsteady mind ; you will now perceive the subject to which I am alluding to. How natural is it for man, when bereft of earthly Friendship, to apply to and seek a higher power,—but would it not be much more becoming to man, that when possest with every thing that can make life dear or desirable,—if in his happy moments, when prosperity shines upon him in unclouded splendour, if he were to remember that Being, from whom all his blessings spring, and with a pious and grateful heart, offer up his unfeigned thanks and praises to the throne of mercy ?

Here my Dear Friend, is where myself and my faithless Leonora were lost, we

both shared abundantly the blessings of Heaven ; in the midst of scenes of pleasure and delight, the thoughts of heaven were unregarded by us ; we unjustly thought that nothing was to interrupt our happiness ; we were therefore, unprepared to meet the shocks of adversity. We beheld with sorrow our setting sun of pleasure ;— amazed we saw the storm gathering over our heads and have at last beheld its threatening destruction.

My situation you are perfectly acquainted with, and I need not state to you that of Leonora's, suffice it to say, that she is the victim of despair ; and lives only to experience fresh causes of anguish—but I trust that she may be persuaded to approach the throne of mercy, and then in the deepest humility, fall prostrate on her knees, and obtain that protection which she now perceives she stands so much in need of. With this

fervent prayer on my lips and in my heart, I conclude this moral and imperfect epistle, and proceed to present you with another supply of my productions.

Yours very sincerely,

HERBERT.

LINES ADDRESSED TO LEONORA.

Dear Girl if e'er the gloomy lot

To die in youth's bright morn be mine,

Oh may thine eye ne'er view the spot ;

Whilst my dull life and breath decline.—

Nor thou there bend thy weeping head

Above my parting, dying bed,

Or strive to stay my fleeting breath,

When sinking in the arms of death.

For though it well might soothe the pow'r

Which mark'd me in my early birth,

To spend with thee that trying hour—

The last which I should see on earth ;—

To spend life's morn with thee so dear,

To love thee with a heart sincere ;

And then when love and hope were past,

To breathe in thy dear arms my last.

I would not that thy tender heart,
 Which threat'ning tongues could ne'er appal,
 Should drooping feel affliction's smart ;
 For one who lov'd thee most of all,
 I've cherish'd oft the hope that thou
 Wouldst cheer my path of life below ;
 And sweetly shed o'er all my days,
 Affection's pure and cloudless rays.

Oh ! heed not thou my early grave,
 Though blooming there the living green,
 Above my lowly bed would wave,
 As if in life I ne'er had been,—
 And if the breeze that passes by,
 E'er breathe a sadly sorrowing sigh ;
 And whisper to thine heart sincere,
 Of all I was whilst with thee here.

Oh ! heed not—my spirit still,
 Would fondly hover round thy head ;
 Protect thee from impending ill,
 And o'er thy breast composure spread ;
 'Till time, with smiling glance should set
 Thy spirit from its bondage free ;
 We then to realms of endless day
 To part no more would wing our way.

Theodore to Herbert.

Although lov'd friend, the will of fate decrees,
 Misfortunes blast destructive to assail ;
 Yet heav'n hath power to rule her ruthless gale,
 And waft thy bark to far serener seas.

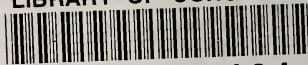
From scenes of bliss and meditative ease :
 Still should her sadd'ning spells malign prevail,
 And wildly drive when Hope's strong efforts fail ;
 Obedient bow, and thy sad soul appease.

For fate is ruled by her superior God :
 And He alone can ward the pending woe, —
 Can bid the mind rejoice and pleasure flow,
 To cheer the mourner on life's dreary road ;
 Then in thy breast let submission glow,
 For He is just that sways the chastening rod.

Finis.



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